

T H E
Life, Travels, and Adventures,
O F
CHRISTOPHER WAGSTAFF,
G E N T L E M A N, *— K*
Grandfather to TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Originally published

In the latter End of the last CENTURY.

INTERSPERSED WITH
A suitable VARIETY of MATTER,
By the E D I T O R.

The whole being intended as a full and final Answer
to every thing that has been, or shall be, written
in the OUT-OF-THE-WAY WAY.

Neque quid, neque quantum, neque quale, neque aliquid eorum
quibus ens determinatur. HEREB. EX ARIST.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. HINXMAN, in Pater-noster Row,
M.DCC.LXII.

T H E

Life, Travels, and Adventures

O F

CHRISTOPHER WAGSTAFF

GENTLEMAN

Commander of the 1st Battalion

GENTLEMAN

Originally published

In the latter end of the last Century.

QUER STREET

INTRODUCTION



WAGSTAFF'S

NOTES

and Adventures of Mr. W.

Staff, naturally throws in

under your protection. It

you are not one of those

prudent fellows that

L O N D O N

Printed by J. Smith, in Pall Mall Row.

1800

P. L. W.

T O

TRISTRAM SHANDY,**GENTLEMAN.****QUEER SIR!**

THE following history
 of the Life, Travels,
 and Adventures of Mr. WAG-
 STAFF, naturally throws itself
 under your protection. I hope
 you are not one of those purse-
 proud fellows that shun an
old acquaintance in distress,

A 2

to

to whom they have formerly been under *some obligations*. If he does not make so considerable a figure in the polite world as you have done, this ought in justice to be ascribed not so much to his want of merit as to the unsettled taste, and capricious judgment of this age and nation. However, let his reception at present be what it will, he is sanguine enough to believe an impartial and judicious posterity will hold him almost

almost in the same degree of
 esteem and veneration with
 yourself. This, among ma-
 ny other well-grounded no-
 tions, is likewise the opinion
 of, **QUEER SIR,**

Your sometimes admirer,

frequently imitator,

but more frequently burlesquer,

and many times neither,

THE EDITOR.

almost in the same degree of
effect and veneration with
yourself. This among ma-
ny other well-grounded opi-
nions, is likewise the opinion
of
Quar. Sir,

THE performance I have
undertaken to revise and
edit is not offered to the public as
work either of elegance or consid-
erable merit, but as a gross, that may
deserve (or something very like it) its
existence in this kingdom, long
before a late well-known publication
The original title to the melody be-
fore me runs as follows:

THE EDITOR'S

P R E F A C E.

THE performance I have undertaken to revise and correct, is not offered to the public as a work either of elegance or considerable use, but as a proof that *Shandeism* (or something very like it) had an existence in this kingdom long before a late well-known publication. The original title to the medley before me runs as follows:

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A
VOYAGE round the WORLD:
OR, A
POCKET LIBRARY:

Divided into several VOLUMES,

The first of which contains the

RARE ADVENTURES

O F
DON KAINOPHILUS,

From his Cradle to his fifteenth Year.

The like Discoveries in such a Method never
made by any RAMBLER before.

The whole Work intermixed with
ESSAYS, HISTORICAL, MORAL, and DI-
VINE; and all other Kinds of Learning.

Done into English by a Lover of Travels.

Recommended by

The WITS of both UNIVERSITIES.

— All may have
(if they dare try) a glorious Life or Grave.

HARR. CH. POOL

LONDON: Printed for RICHARD NEWCOMB, &c.

There

P R E F A C E. ix

There is no date to the title-page, but it appears from several passages that the book was written soon after the Revolution, for which the author seems to have been exceedingly zealous. Indeed if he had any profest design in these sheets, I should be apt to conclude from certain places that he meant to expose the *Romish* superstition; although the reader will find him occasionally touching on other articles of reformation. His satyrical invective against Mr. *Dryden* in the close of the last volume (who was Poet Laureat in the reigns of *Charles II.* and *James II.*) amounts almost itself to a proof of this. Be that as it will, however, his views of this sort were, at most, in-

direct

THE EDITOR'S

direct ones; and the most probable conjecture I can form of his design at this distance is, that, like the author of *Tristram Shandy*, he chiefly calculated it for the amusement and entertainment of such as are willing to be pleased they care not how, or why. The truth is, the very strong resemblance, I thought, I saw between these writers in the following particulars, was my principal motive to this re-publication:—

1st. In the general turn of the style, (allowances being made for the distance of time) and humour of expression.

2dly. In the historical circumstances previous to the very birth of the heroes of the two authors.

3dly.

P R E F A C E. xi

3dly. In the frequent mention of a female personage, never introduced in either performance. *Tristram* has his *Jenny*, and *Kainophilus* his *Iris*—now *Jadith*.

4thly. In the intermixing of moral and serious matter with the most ludicrous incidents. We meet with a *sermon upon conscience* in one work, and with an *essay upon filial duty* in the other.

5thly. In the method of *protraction*, or art of *continuation*, whereby either performance might be *lengthened out* to the utmost extent of the reader's *patience*, or author's *imagination*.

I am inclined to believe the reader will agree with me, and be convinced,

xii THE EDITOR'S

vinced, either that the author of *Tristram Shandy* took the hints and grounds of his work from the adventures of *Kainophilus*, his predecessor, (on which presumption I call Mr. *Wagstaff* his grandfather) or that the similarity between them is in many instances so very striking, that the matter deserves to be refer'd to the judgment and curiosity of the public.

In my revival of this *old*, very *scarce*, and *inaccurately printed* book, (which accidentally fell into my hands) I have expunged a considerable deal of trifling and insignificant matter; and, according to my judgment, have left no more behind than may reasonably be allowed to performances of
this

P R E F A C E. xiii

this nature : though indeed the above comparative considerations must after all recommend the book, rather than *any intrinsic* merit of its own.—It is no wonder that a writer of a lively fancy, in an age of more refined taste, than that of the times in which our author lived, should *improve* a plan *supposed* to have fallen in his way, and to have attracted him by its singularity.—And here I beg leave to mention one circumstance which seems to lay claim to the indulgence of the world, and is this ; that, as every *proper* purpose of the editor will be abundantly answered by the present publication, he doth not *really* mean (whatever may probably be intimated or said in

the

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the course of these volumes) to *en-*
croach farther upon the *time* or the
pockets of his readers by any future
continuation of this work.

I have very rarely altered the text
of my author, and when I have been
obliged to do so, have endeavoured
to substitute matter congenious with
the original. The account of the
Puppet-show at the latter end of the
first volume is considerably more mo-
dernised than any incident in the
whole book.

To this motley production of our
author are prefixed several copies of
verses, *said* to be written, by way
of panegyric *by the wits of both uni-*
versities.—Whether these were the
author's own, or the compositions of
those

P R E F A C E. T X V

those the initial letters of whose names they appear to bear, it is no easy matter to determine. That the reader may judge by and by for himself, I will give him an extract from one of the most *particular* of them.

P R O E M

In Praise of

R A M B L I N G;

By T. H. Master of Arts,

Fellow of EXETER College in Oxonia.

One night when fumes of humming bottle
Had fermentation rais'd in noddle;
When various troops of airy notions
Danc'd in my brain Morisco-motions;
Judgment, that us'd to guide the rudder,
Turn'd topsy-turvy in the pudder;

Like

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Like shuttle-cock, which you might then see
Toft by the battledore of fancy;
And my free thoughts at random ambling
Discanted thus in praise of rambling.

“ Nothing i'th' world is steady found,
“ But an eternal dance goes round.”

The sun, as all men know, his course is,
Rides round the world with coach and horses,
And, like a wicked fornicator,
Leaves his true bed the warm Equator,
And, let old Jove say what he can, Sir,
Rambles to Capricorn and Cancer.

The fixt stars too (tho' Erra Pater
Swears they ne'er mov'd, nor will hereafter—)

Have late been found by optic engines,
To've rambled backward a whole sign since.

Then for the planets, (good heav'ns save 'em!)

No mortal man knows where to have 'em;

These ramble round, like roguish gypsies;

And fright the world with dire eclipses;

Cause battles, famines, plagues, diseases,

And whate'er mischief GADBURY pleases.

But tho' these rove and stray at random,

Your comets still go much beyond 'em:

A

PREFACE.

xvii

A comet is a rambling blade
That scours thro' heav'n in masquerade;
Sometimes in antic dress appears,
And frights the tenants of the spheres;
Or slyly entring on a sudden,
Scares silly boors from eating pudding;
Then before FLAMSTEAD with his glasses
Can tell ye whereabouts his place is,
Whip, Sir, he's gone to th' Anti-podes,
Where deeper heads think his abode is.
Nay more, your modern virtuoso,
Who with new problems dares to pose so,
Affirms, this huge terrestrial ball,
Towns, mountains, rivers, woods and all,
Whirls round about with all us in it,
And rambles many miles a min'et.
The elements their places change,
And into foreign regions range;
Air enters earth's vast hollow caverns,
And there, like bullies drunk in taverns,
Roars, swaggers, scours, — — —

And here the author was most graciously
pleased to ramble to somewhat else.

xviii THE EDITOR'S

The occasional papers and essays of my own, with which these volumes are interspersed, will, I hope, be considered as a kind of *sauce* proper enough for this literary *entertainment*. Some of these, or parts of some of these, are evidently levelled at *Tristram Shandy*; but, 'tis presumed, not without sufficient grounds, or to an undue degree of severity. There are however many censures, even in papers in which that hero was *primarily* my object, which the candid and judicious reader will observe do not in the least touch *him*.—As to these and the other small pieces of pleasantry, satyr, or criticism, which diversify the original performance, if *they*, with *it*, may chance to contribute in the

the

the least towards removing the spleen, correcting the manners, or rectifying the judgment of the reader, I have gained my principal point. And having said thus much, by way of precluding his objections, and engaging his good will, I take my leave of him as a Prefacer, with this declaration, That, some few passages excepted, I do not mean to be *serious* from this syllable forth to the last line of the second volume.

THE

PREFACE

At least towards removing the impression
correcting the misapprehensions or reflecting
the judgment of the reader, I have
examined my paper and point, and have
ing and thus much, by way of pre-
cluding his objections, and engaging
his good will. I take my leave of
him at the present time, with great de-
votion. There are some few passages ex-
cepted, I do not mean to be serious
about this trifling form to the last
line of the second volume.

T H E

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Travels and Adventures

OF
CHRISTOPHER WAGSTAFF,
GENTLEMAN.

CHAP. I. By the Editor.

*Containing definitions and rules, &c. which
all editors and authors ought to learn by
heart.*

A Book is a thing that has no de-
termined magnitude.

A chapter is a part of a book ;
and sometimes, by the art of incoherence,
may be a book itself. For as a simile is

B

said

said to be a short description, and a metaphor a short simile, so a chapter may properly enough be said to be a short book.

A parenthesis is the judicious insertion of one or more sentences which are nothing at all to the purpose, between two pot-hooks, as (). Perhaps this definition may be more forcibly illustrated by facts than words. Suppose *Tom* overtaking *Dick* in the street, should give him a good kick on the breech, and cry, *Hab! Richard! How is't, my lad? I am heartily glad to see you.* Now the kick on the breech would be in a parenthesis.

A dash or long *dash* (which some grammarians call a note of admiration knock'd on the head, and laid flat on the back) is that mark, whereby an author interrupts his own discourse without breaking it off, and is chiefly designed to relieve the breath of the reader.

A short train, or half a dozen lines of *asterisks*, as * * *, or * * * * * signifies, that an author's meaning is not to be understood, when he speaks *plain*, but does not speak *out*; or denotes something of bawdy or blasphemy (if need be) *innocently* left out to be *wickedly* and *absurdly* supplied by the reader's imagination. Thus —

“My sister, I dare say, does not care to let a man come so near her * * * *.”
(See T. S. vol. ii. p. 47.) Or thus —

*You have used me extremely ill, and you are a * * * * and a * * * * * for your pains.*—Now it must be entirely owing to the unhappy association of a man's own ideas, that he supposes I am hereby calling him a *fool*, or a *scoundrel*.

The goodness of a book is to be estimated by the sale.

The *desiderata* in most modern writers are these FEW ONLY;—Genius, Judgment, and Modesty.

An *Advertisement* is either
 Declarative
 or
 Laudatorial.

N. B. If this word is not to be found in *Johnson's* dictionary, I am sorry for it; it being extremely pat (how do you like that word in print?) to my meaning, or intention, or purpose.—There is not a greater fault in writing than obscurity.

The *advertisement declarative* minutely enumerates the size, the cover, &c. of a book, the when, how, and where it will be published, &c.

The *advertisement laudatorial* fully and faithfully sets forth the uses and excellencies of a book;—as also, by the way, of houses, lands, timber, and cattle, &c.

CHAP. II. Being the Author's first.

D'Ye laugh, Mr. Reader! why e'en much good may't do ye; I know what you are going to say, as well as if I were i'the inside of ye: but don't think I'll humour ye so much as to name your objections, for I intend to answer 'em without ever troubling the world with knowing what they are.

Be it, therefore, known to all men by these presents, that I *Christopher Wagstaff*, citizen and *&c.* of London, being now arrived to the precise thirtieth year of my life, that time when the gaieties of fancy being work'd off, the judgment begins to burnish, and a man comes to years of discretion, if ever he will be so—wandring one evening thro' a cypress grove—(I won't be positive, it might be haste, but t'other sounds
B 3
better)

better) revolving in my rambling brain the varieties of human affairs, happen'd in the drove of thoughts, which swarm'd up and down in my noddle, to reflect on my own self, (Sir your humble servant) and what strange chequered fortunes had filled the lines of my horoscope; I followed myself in my busy imagination from my cradle to my grave, in all my rises and falls, my ups and downs, and heres and theres and every where's, and upon the whole sincerely protest to thee, O judicious, gentle, courteous reader, that after the severest investigation both of history and experience, I can no where find my parallel, and am apt now to believe what I thought my friends have sometimes been pleased too much to compliment me with, that I was indeed an *original*.

My name is *Christopher Wagstaff*; my birth-place, the place of my abode, and my fortunes,—you aren't like to know,
unless

unless you'll read this book, and almost a dozen more ; for 'tis impossible such great things should be comprised in a little compass ; and tho' the world has heard of Homer in a nutshell, yet no man alive ever saw Tostatus on a silver penny. But, in short, if ever *Fernand*, *Mendez*, or *Pinto* had strange luck, who actually rambled over 999 kingdoms, 50 empires, sixty-six common-wealths, was 100 times cast away, forty times stript, fifty times whipt, twenty-one times sold for a slave, fifty times condemn'd to death, and 1000 times killed, murdered, and stark cold and dead—in the imagination I say of his enemies ; I say again, if he deserved recommendation and admiration, making the world stare again with his super-gorgonic wonders, if modesty would give me leave, I could say much more do I, who have —

But again I won't forestall ye, tho' really the matter presses, and my pregnant brain

labours with so many pregnant pangs to be obstetricated, that I verily fear I shall burst before I come to disgorge it thro' my fruitful quill; to avoid which I'll ramble on as fast as I can scamper thro' this *porch*, which yet I must tell ye, if t'were a mile long, wou'dn't be bigger than the *house at the end on't*.

To the point — from this Cypress grove I was telling you of, I rambled into my life, and from my life into a brown study. What, thought I with myself very soberly, if I should oblige this world now, this ungrateful world, with a history of this strange life of mine: — hang it — it does n't deserve it. — Yet I may do it for my own sake, not their's; but then they'll envy me, — virtue must expect no other: but they'll laugh at me, — why can't I laugh at them again? but they'll frown and scowl, and look ugly; pish, pish, — I'll fit them for that; if I don't —
may

may I be posted instead of my Book :
 — besides there may be some certain
 perquisites, considerations, and so forth ;
 — sometimes the world has been just
 to things of value ; *Coriat's works* ; *Tom
 Thumb* ; *Seven Champions* ; *Pilgrim's Pro-
 gress* ; — some good, some bad, some
 take, some not, and mine has a chance
 for't.

It is decreed,—nor shall thy frowns, O critic,
 Prevent my work ! —

So to't I went hammer and tongs, as
 the vulgar say, and after long and labo-
 rious licking, out came this beautiful
 birth, that's just a hop stride and jump
 before you ; none I'll assure ye of the
 short-lived, unlaboured pieces, which
 like — guess what — are got in a
 morning, born at noon, and dead by
 night ; but a thing, ay, and such a thing
 as hath a *quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis* writ-
 ten in the forehead on't : — as neither
 shall be destroyed by lightning, tobacco-
 pipes,

pipes, nor thunder'd at with sulphureous blasts beneath; but labour'd and polish'd, the works of sweating thoughts and many a drudging hour; tho' writing is allowed to be a pleasant drudgery —comprehending or enveloping within its spacious circumference, no less than all the visible and intellectual world: all parts of this little universe, rambled over in a moment: reader, even by thee, if thou hast a soul like mine.

Indeed I cannot better or fuller describe it, than by telling you in two words, 'tis every thing. For as the lives and actions of great princes contain, one way or other, the greatest part of the history of the times and ages they live in, so the reader will find in the life of one traveller, my individual self, *Christopher Wagstaff*, the whole description of, I scorn to say, one country, one age, or one world; but of all the habitable and uninhabitable creation, *Terra incognita*
de-

described as plain as *Ireland* in *Petty's* survey, every foot, perch and inch on't; virtue and vice, wit and folly, all the humours, religions, customs, whims, and conundrums of mankind: directions to a gentleman how to bear himself in every part and stage of life, from the sucking-bottle and clouts, to the last hot suppings and burying in woollen. And whereas it has been the fatal unhappiness, or rather crime of most other rambles, real or feigned, who have committed their observations and adventures to writing to encourage vice by their example, even while they pretend to reprove it in their words, or *ore tenus*, as the learned say, this incomparable author (whom for *decorum's* sake I nominate in the third person) is conscious to himself of nothing thro' these whole twenty-four periods of his life, but a most milky purity, and babe-like innocence.

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

YOU, that after the vile customs of the age, behave not yourselves as you ought towards the spouses of your youth, who render not, what they ought to have, all that respect, tenderness, complaisance and kindness — Look ye what here is? look and learn, see the pattern of conjugal affection, and the very warming-pan of duty and love: *Wagstaff*, the faithful *Wagstaff*, frying and burning for his well-beloved *Juditb* in the midst of boysterous billows of the surging waves, as high as *Teneriffe's* cloudy hill, all covered with eternal snow and winter, and then (O catch me, gentle reader, or I shall break my neck, as well thou thy sides, if I fall on thee) then sowing down like a voracious hawk upon his trembling partridge, tearing,

wor-

worrying, devouring her for love; — but I say no more.

And then for discretion to avoid dangers, and all that; — but 'twere endless to run thro' all; — let it suffice thou hast here little less than an exact pattern of heroic virtue in all circumstances, and on all occasions, under the several characters of 'prentice, master, traveller, courtier, sailor, author, bookseller, printer, and what not, in all offices and places from scavenger up to high-constable, and so onwards. And if this ben't a treasure, let the world shew a better.

As for the pretty little virtues of comity and urbanity, &c. this furnishes you to a miracle; for have you a mind to divert either yourself or friend with the most pleasant and agreeable entertainment, a man's jaws must be made of iron, and fast'ned as close to one another, as if 'twere done with the pins of a shop-window, if what's here inclosed, don't
now

now and then wrench 'em afunder, and discover not only the teeth in his head, but the very grin of his soul: altho' o'the other side he'll meet with passages, that tho' they mayn't spoil, will yet temper his mirth; as the Egyptians had (and they were cunning old fellows) a death's head in the midst of their dainties.

In a word, here is for all capacities, as well as for all sexes and ages: here's a help to discourse, the like never known; witty songs, riddles, posies, and anagrams: here's to't'other side, heroics, Pindarics, and all the high-flyers that can be named: here's hieroglyphics and cabalistical treasures, most unintelligible, and inestimable; such unheard-of curiosities as *Gaffarel* and *Paracelsus* never dreamed of; nor would have done, (tho' sometimes good wits jump) they are so rare and extraordinary, tho' they had lived these thousand years. I protest, Gentlemen, I blush like a *Bath-sheba*

Sheba in this unwelcome employment; and am villainously put to't thus to commend the work of my own proper fist and knuckles. But 'tis for your sakes, not my own; modesty is injurious, where it makes merit rest in silent unobserved shades, and cheats the public. Who would buy mackarel if nobody cry'd them, tho' they were as sweet as a nut? Could you know all the good things in this book without my telling you, and so buy it, and be happy, I'd die before I'd give it all this commendation; tho' not a dram too much upon my honour.

One thing more, and then we'll go and drink a dish of coffee together. I would not have you think, that all this is but a story, a whimwham, or a what d'ye call it? 'Tis no tale of a budget in the air, and a strolling christian tinker; no, the author values his reputation more, and so he tells you; 'tis true real matter of fact: in brief, there's
more

more truth in't than you think of, or are like to know.

I had forgot one word,—stay a little longer ; some may snorter and snuffle at the many collections they'll find in these my labours ; they'll call me owl, jay, cuckoo, magpye, and a hundred beasts of birds besides, for borrowing so many feathers and gawdy plumes ; whereas they should stile me rather a bee, a mellifluous bee, who gathers sweets and dainties wherever he comes, without ever hurting the pretty pinks, or tarnishing the fragrant roses ; and how ungrateful were that rustic boor, and foolish withal, who would refuse the delicate present this his little industrious tenant would make him, because forsooth he had stolen it from other folks' gardens, and not gathered it only out of his own ; like the spider that spins his thread out of his own bowels :—no, the author thanks ye for that kindness, this were the way to write his guts out, before he has rambled

bled to the end of his four-and-twenty globes.

It has been said of accomplished persons, that they have read men as well as books; and why is there not as great a commendation due to those who have travelled books as well as men, and brought thence the gold and precious jewels, leaving 'em still, as the bee the flower, (to return to the metaphor already used) not a jot the worse for wearing? For the gay feathers I have taken, they may as well call one of the Indian princes *Atabalipa* and *Montezuma*, an owl, jay, or mag-pye, who borrow feathers indeed from the birds to adorn themselves in their most royal robes.—But alas, the art is all—*materiam superabat opus*—'Tis the placing 'em, and ordering 'em in such delicate lights and shades, that only makes 'em so inimitably beautiful and lovely, even so,—but I'll spare t'other leg o' the comparison—and let

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the reader never trust me more if I desire him to go with me any further than to this next stile, and then we'll part, for I scorn to use him like a quaker, with his false-bottomed sermons, who concludes forty times over, but will never have done.

In short, *Christopher* is a person without flattery, endu'd with all accomplishments that nature ever cramm'd into a jelly of stars to make a cheese-cake of. Like the rising sun round the head of his Apollo, he is always employed in circumnavigating the sphincter of some myoptical primogenity; and sure I am, that should Diogenes's Tub come to life again, he would be the first man chosen by the states of the moon, to crack chesnuts with a pair of butter-firkins. But to be less *Ciceronian*.

...for I kept to the plan like

I Never met with an *impartial historian*,
said Harry — nor I with a *reader* —
said Michael; and took a pipe off the
table at the same time with so significant
a *quasi* of jesture and feature, (I love
your words that end in *ture*) that he has
saved me (much to my loss) half a dozen
pages of most excellent declamation.

CHAP. V. A very good one of
the Author's.

A Rambler is a thing wholly consisting of *extremes*—A head, fingers, and toes ; for what his industrious toes do tread, his ready fingers do write, his running head dictating. But to describe him more exactly ; he is made up of a large head and ears, some *brains*, and most immoderate tongue, toes, and fingers.

gers ; a very carrier or foot-post will draw him from the company of any man or woman that has not been abroad, (his dear *Judith* always excepted) merely because he's a sort of a traveller : but a *Dutch* post ravishes him, and the mere superscription of a letter (though there's ne'er a bill in't) from Boston, Italy, or France, sets him up like a top ;—and at seeing the word *Universe*, *America*, *Flanders*, or the *Holy Land*, though but on the title of a book, he is transported. If he has no *Latin* or *Greek*, he makes it up with abundant scraps of *Italian*, *Spanish*, *French*, and *Dutch*, and though he has little more knowledge in any of 'em than *come sta ? Parlez vous ?* or *How vare you Minbeer ?* and can hardly buy a sallad in one language, or a herring in t'other ; yet when he comes home, he passes with himself and others like him, for a monstrous learned creature, a native of every country under heaven, whereas he is indeed a mere BABELONIAN,

BELONIAN, he confounds all languages but speaks none, and is so careful to jumble together the gibberish of other countries, that he almost forgets his own mother tongue, as the Roman orator did his name, 'till the writing the history of his travels makes him remember it agen. All his dress is shap'd into a travelling garb, looking as if 'twas contriv'd to make mourners merry. He's all the strange shapes round the maps put together—one leg a *Hungarian*, t'other a *Pole*; one piece of him a *Turk*, and the next a *Tartar* or *Muscovite*; but if you look on his face, you'd swear he's a *Laplander*—so much has travelling, wind, sun, and rain discoloured it and altered it. However chaste his body may be, his mind is extremely prolific; his thoughts are a perfect seraglio, and he, like a great *Turk*, begets thousands of little infants—remarks, fancies, fantasies, crochets, and whirligigs, on his wandering intellect; and these when once

begot, must be bred—so out he turns 'em into the wide world to shift for themselves, after he has put a few *black-and-white rags* about 'em to cover their nakedness. But to look upon 'em when they once get abroad—to see how hugely they favour their father, do but view 'em all over, and here's that will cure your corns, gout, cholic, and what you please; or, as the most excellent specific—'twill cure every curable disease; (you have heard of the *monkey* that cured the *cardinal* :) undo the college, and break apothecary's hall, as easily as one of their glassies. There's no man who for his sake wou'd n't neglect any thing but business, that is to say, wou'd not be glad of his company. When he has nothing else to do:—he'll ask you how you do? where you have been? what news? how is't? if you have travelled? and above all (when published) how you like his rambles? ha'n't they a fine title-page?—Aye, a very fine one; there's art—

art—there's thought—I say again, *Coriat's* book was but a horn-book to't—they no more deserve to be compared together than the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Burton's Wonderments*; and so he would ramble on to the end of the chapter——

If he should chance to be shipwreck'd, he can't be angry with the sea or winds; nay, is rather pleased with 'em, for giving him opportunity to describe a storm in a more lively manner, and tell the world what direful dangers he escaped, when he swam ashore like a Cæsar, with his sword in one hand, and his commentaries in t'other. He's averse to nothing that has motion in't; and for a louse, he dearly loves a painful fellow-traveller, who rambles over his microcosm, or lesser world, as he the greater—nibbling and sucking here and there, whenever he finds any thing agreeable to his palate. He's generally for foot-service, and thinks that much more

C 4

—Aye, a brave

brave than the horse; scorning to ride upon four hoofs, when nature has given him ten toes to support him. But if he should be forc'd into such circumstances, by the swelling or — of his feet, he envies those happier criminals who have their legs ty'd under their horse's belly, and thinks the most commodious way of riding is with his face towards the tail; for then he can't see any danger 'till he's past it. What's other men's recreation is his business, and yet he makes rather a pleasure of a toil than a toil of a pleasure; for though he rambles with all his might, (as when he rides every part of him works) yet the more pain, the more constant; and that is a great thing for an author or a traveller to say.

C H A P.

CHAP. VI. Or the Continuation
of the fifth.

TO proceed to his brains, (for he has brains)—some think they rambl'd from him in his infancy, and that they dropp'd out of his nose, while his nurse, good woman, was feeding him with pap, who opportunely caught 'em in the spoon; and because the little bantling shou'd n't be upbraided for want of 'em, when he came to age, put 'em in again, with the addition of a little of the gravy of her old gums, but in the wrong place, viz. in the pap-dish; which the poor innocent being ignorant of, (as how shou'd he be otherwise?) he swallowed them down amongst the pap, and ever since has worn his brains in his guts, instead of guts in his brains. But this whole account is the effect of envy, which speaks well of nobody.

For

For his eyes, if they did not ramble in his mother's belly, because there perhaps the modest fool might keep 'em shut, 'tis certain they went a gadding as soon as e'er they came abroad, and will never lie still more, 'till many a fair year after he's buried, if they do then.

His nose rambles—not to an hospital, but a kitchen, which smokes in every country, and his table is covered in every hamlet from hence to the antipodes: so generous is his stomach that he scorns the queasie morose temper of those who never eat unless they are sure they are welcome, and the meat be clean dressed; whereas he would not refuse a dinner, tho' with an old usurer; nor stand out at an invitation, tho' made by the *Hottentots* at the cape of Good Hope to one of their — puddings, with no other claret to make it go down, but the *Indians* delight, the gravy of half a dozen fat toads, mellowing in a jar for half a year before the feast.

His

His teeth and palate are of all nations and religions—he can feast very conformably on a good decent mince-pye, or canonical pot of plumb-porridge; he can edify on a brotherly capon, and think sack-poffet a very comfortable and enlarging dispensation; he can fast and mortify on sturgeon, turbet, mullet, or shell-fish, with e'er a portly friar of 'em all; ay, and munch locusts with the poor *Maronites* in mount *Libanus*, rather than let his guts cling together—Indeed he eats pudding and sallad with the *Bramin* when he can get no better food: he is not such a nice *Christian* as not to eat flesh of a *Jew's* dressing, because it was cut with its throat towards *Jerusalem*; nor such a *Jew* as to refuse a good sliver of a hog, if he meets it handsomely upon *Governors Island*, or at any other place on this or t'other side on't.

I promised to tell you, what rambling hands he has—O they are as nimble a pair of little wanderers as ever
went

went——where they had no business---
 not that they ever dived into any pockets
 besides his own, which they seldom take
 any money from, much less from an-
 other's ---- he scorns it——Sir, ---- you
 don't know him---or else---your ser-
 vant——Hands off there---well---no
 harm done.

His feet are of the same humour with
 all the rest of his body, and they so in-
 fect his legs, that he has so much ado to
 keep up the confederacy between 'em,
 they have such a huge mind to be running
 away from one another, (so that 'tis
 fear'd he'll in time grow splay-footed)
 and from their body too, as sweet a one
 as 'tis, as *Dr. Faustus's* did from his,
 when the countryman pull'd to take
 him.

What should I tell you of his *soul*,
 since his body is the very picture on't,
 and if you know one, you can't miss
 o't'other among a thousand: 'tis like
Gresham college, or the anatomy school

at

at *Leyden*, hung round with a thousand knick-knacks, and fancies that rambled together, some of 'em half the world over—But what pains he takes to show them all, and does it with all possible decorum and gravity, like the old fellow who used to shew the tombs at *Westminster*; so that, in his own words, his ill luck lies not so much in being a fool, as in being put to such pains to express it to the world—But should the frolick go round, and all the world write a book of their lives and rambles, as he has done, he'll ask one civil question—Who would be fool then? To sum up all his character in two words, he is——

Inquire within, and you may know something further.

C H A P. VII.

More Anecdotes relating to the Author.

HE is one of an indifferent stature, neither so high as the monumental *Irishman*, nor so humble as that *modicum* of mortality that crawls about with him—whence you may safely conclude he's a middle-sized man.

His eyes are as black as a coal—(which, when alive, is red, when stark dead, white) with a little dash of yellow in 'em, or else grey, blue, or a lovely haffle; for an impartial historian must set down all probable opinions, that the reader may the better know how to judge.

His nose is majestic, for 'tis in the middle of his face—but more than that, 'tis either very high, or a little rising, if not flat to a fault.

His

His complection is like that of the offspring of the black king of *Æthiopia*—(who, you must understand, had once a daughter as white as snow).

His teeth are as even as those of a comb, tho' sometimes they are broken,—and as pure ivory—though both may want brushing. He speaks somewhat thick when his mouth is full, or he is angry—but writes much better, when he draws you a bill upon his banker. He winks very often—when he sleeps, and stumbles a little in his walk—if you lay your leg before him. He dresses (no matter for what was said concerning his dress before) so remarkably, you can't but know him, if you had no other part of his character—either in a plain, honest, genteel, suit of stuff, cloth, serge, ratteen, silk or velvet, or in red or blue, with a sword, with an inlaid silver handle, or Tilbury basket hilt, long black wig—and not rarely a short pretty light-colour'd bob, or middle-siz'd, with a
Spanish

Spanish lock behind. He has a kind of shuffling in his gait, and yet walks very uprightly too when he pleases; but when one side of the heel of his shoe is worn away, or his ten toes have lately suffer'd dilapidations, he is rather like *Vulcan* than *Mercury*. That which makes him most remarkable, is, that no person alive, not *Judith* herself, ever saw him without a goose quill in his mouth, or between his fingers, unless when it rambles into his standish; and yet more wonderful, he has certainly ten fingers on his left hand—when he lays his right a top of it.

This is his description, his very effigy, and so much to the life, that 'tis well the Gazette has no business with him; for were all these marks and items publish'd in't, he'd ne'er be able to peep out o'doors, but all the whole street would be in an uproar, and cry—*That's he!* This for the notification of such as are ignorant of his accomplishments, for
such

such as have the happiness to know him,
let this much suffice.

He's a citizen of London, and of all
the world—loves rambling, does n't
love scolding or fighting; loves *Judith*,
does n't love any woman body else; loves
his friend, does n't fear or hate his ene-
my; loves fair-dealing, had rather be
call'd fool than knave; lets people laugh
while he wins; can be secret if trusted;
is ow'd more than he owes, and can pay
more than that; makes his word as
good as his bond; won't do a foul thing;
and bids the world go whistle.

Here *exit Christopher Wagstaff's* cha-
racter.

Enter his life and actions.

C H A P. VIII. By the Editor.

Written by way of comment on the preceding chapters.

OUR author doth already appear to have been acquainted with the capital secret in composition; for he *says a great deal, and means very little.* And yet the art of writing, by which you are to understand that of printing and publishing, was far from being in a state of perfection in his days. The great *Dryden* indeed had the knack of swelling prefaces into essays, and dedications into treatises; but at the same time he so cunningly blended the skill of genius with the contrivance of necessity, (I think that is tolerably well exprest) that these (I must and will call them) complimentary productions are some of his most masterly performances, and will do him credit when one half of his tragedies and comedies shall rise in judgment against him.—

But

But be that as it will—whatever may heretofore have been the attempts of a few, it is certain this art was brought into universal use and esteem by the *literati* of the present generation.—Blessings on his head, if he is now living, or peace to his *manes*, if he be dead, who first usher'd into the world the natural or adopted issue of his brain through the channel of weekly or monthly publication! Excellent modern improvement, by means of which, any work whatsoever, may, like a geometrical right line, *be continued directly forwards!* Happy method of retaining the reader *ad infinitum!* What *magazines* of learning are hereby stocked and secured for future ages! This is effectually to secure immortality and gain at once, and, thro' a succession of heirs and executors, to write not so properly *for*, as *to* posterity.

I remember to have heard of a gentleman, who, in his extraordinary zeal for
D 2 religion,

religion, and resentment of the disservice done to it by the loose and impure writings of profane authors, both *Christian* and *Heathen*, wished there was no book in the world but the BIBLE. This pious wish is in some measure gratified by the number, size, and length of the many periodical commentaries, illustrations, and expositions, &c. which have now rendered the sacred penmen the most voluminous, who were before the best of all writers. — Not that I am entirely of the same opinion with this Gentleman, or can cede to Theologists, whether in or out of orders, the sole right of engrossing the public attention. — There are subjects, in the literary way, which as they are of a serious and moral tendency, so likewise are they from the very nature of them more capable of dilatation and prolongation than even the divine writings themselves. — What think you of *history* under the hands of an *able artist*, and *experienced publisher*;

publisher? Have we not seen with equal delight and amazement an historian of this sort, when public matter has been scanty, expatiate upon domestic facts and private occurrences, and giving us most minute, circumstantial, and impartial accounts of characters and personages, many of which must else have been involved in everlasting darkness and obscurity?—How will future ages be entertained and improved by being acquainted that, in the reign of GEORGE the Second, Mr. *Quin* was the best performer on *Covent-Garden* stage, and Mr. *Garrick* excelled all his cotemporaries on that of *Drury-Lane*;—and by being credibly informed who drew the best portrait of a horse during that period; who was the most celebrated landscape painter, and who was famous for sea-pieces; who, in short, was the ablest *statesman* at *St. James's*, and who at the same time was the most eminent *statuary* in *Piccadilly*. Though peace

should be proclaimed with *France* and *Spain* to-morrow morning, such a *genius* as this will be enabled to keep pace with the times, and to continue his history, (by his present act and deed, or by his last will and testament) with due *gravity* and *dignity*, from month to month, from week to week, or, (if he pleases) from day to day, as long as kings shall reign, parliaments shall sit, the liberal or mechanic arts subsist, and play-houses and news-papers are in being.—But that all this should be happily effected in a work, which professes to *retrench* the *superfluities* of others, is the circumstance that gloriously distinguishes our *historian* from every *latitudinarian* writer whatsoever!

It is much to be wished that every author of *weight*, as well antient as modern, (whom, could the reader afford to purchase him in the gross, his shoulders could scarce carry away) were reprinted and introduced to the public with

with these advantages. — What an unspeakable pleasure, for example, would it give all well-wishers to literature, to behold the elaborate works of the schoolmen, (you may see an exact list of them at the end of *Sanderſon's Logic* ;—no disparagement, by the bye, to *Sanderſon*) or the *Heroic Poems* of our indefatigable countryman, *Sir R——d Bl----km---e*, (who, by another *by the bye*, wrote more lines than *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton* put together) printed in a series of weekly numbers, and put in a regular track to be handed down from bookseller and bookseller to reader and reader, in a *continued chain of reasoning*, and in an endless flow of harmony, 'till poſſibly time itſelf ſhall be no more. — I will detain the reader no longer upon this pleaſing topic, (*i. e.* to thoſe whom it may concern) than while I obviate one plauſible objection to the project upon the carpet, which is this ;—that all the paper-mills in the kingdom will ſcarce ſatiſfy the

demands for sheets of all kinds which it must inevitably occasion.---But this objection, as ingenious, to speak frankly, as it is, vanishes away before this single consideration---that there will ever be unfortunate as well as successful adventurers in literature; and that, whether the age be golden, silver, brazen, iron, leaden, or wooden, the rags of poor writers will afford the *substantial* a constant supply of *paper*.

CH A P. IX.

Wherein the Author enters upon his life and travels.

ROOM for a rambler (or else I'll run over ye) that ever was, is, and will be so. My life is a continued ramble, from my cradle to my grave; was so, for what I know, before I was born, and will be so after I am dead and rotten—the history of which I have

have been sweating at the best part of these seven years ; and having now with great pains and industry, charge and care, rendered it complete, and ready for the press, I now send out this first volume by way of postilion, to slap dash and spatter all about him, (if the critics come in his way) in order to make elbow-room for all the rest of his little brethren who are to come after : my name is *Christopher Wagstaff*---alias--- your humble servant---'twas just upon my tongue's end, if it had been out, I'd have bit it off.

Thus you see I am a rambling name as well as thing, that all may be of a piece which belongs to me.

C H A P. X.

In which the author is nearer setting out upon his Journey than he was in the last chapter.

I Rambled from the beginning of the world, if not a great deal sooner. The essences of things are eternal, as the learned say, and my first ramble was indeed out of essence into existence, from a being in my causes, into actual being.

But not to mount the argument above my reader's head, lest I should crack both that and my own—let it suffice, that my soul, for ought I know, has been rambling the best part of these 6000 years, if those are in the right of it who hold the pre-existence, and that all souls were made at once.

However—for my body, I can make affidavit of it that it has been rambling so long and so far before my soul stumbled

bled upon it, that I lose the track and can go no farther. All matter is in motion, and therefore perpetually chang'd and alter'd—now in how many shapes that little handful which makes up my soul's luggage has been formerly dressed, I'll promise you, I'll not undertake to tell ye.

As great a coward as I am, there may have gone I know not how many particles of a lion into my composition; as small as my body is, my great grandfather might be made out of a whale or an elephant. You remember the story of the dog that killed the cat, that eat the rat, &c.—for I love to illustrate philosophical problems with common instances for the use of the less-knowing part of the world,—why just so here. To prove---I may have a piece of a roaring lion rambled into me,---How can any man alive know but as long ago as the holy war, some one or other of my ancestors waited on King *Richard* into *Palestine*,

Palestine, and was there with him when he killed the lion. This gentleman might have a dog,---this dog being hungry, might fall a tearing the guts of this lion, some part of whose body must pass into the dog's, as well as another only through it. This dog might come home with the gentleman again, and at length coming to some untimely end, his noble carcass did perhaps lie rotting in a corner of the field---which very place being fattened with his corrupted carcass, might produce some tufts of larger grass than ordinary, wherein undoubtedly would be included some particles of the poor deceased creature,---which particles might very easily be devoured by some fat ox, or weather, grazing there, allured by the length and beauty of the grass, and so become part of this sheep or ox---and they again, being brought to the spacious table of some of my worthy ancestors, might communicate the same subtle parts of the grass, the

the sheep, the ox, the dog, the lion, to their trenchers, thence to their mouth, stomach, blood,---and in two removes more, to their son and heir, so from generation to generation, 'till at last, all centered in the lion--like *Christopher*.

— This I say may be, and graver folks than me have made a huge splutter with such a kind of business; — I could as easily prove one leg of me may have rambled out of a whale, and a piece of my left hip from the shoulder blade of an elephant, — for might not some of my grandfathers be left in *Greenland* (we have been travellers of old) and there forced to eat whale-fritters? Or not to go so far; who knows but after the elephant was burnt in the booth, (I tell no lies, every body knows this is true) the dirt and rubbish might be thrown out into the fields, where peas might be afterwards sown, and so a piece of the elephant might be brought home to Mr. *Wagstaff*'s table in a dish
of

green peas?---but for the truth of this, I appeal to *Stocks-market*, and all the neighbours.

And so I'm got home again,—but must immediately take a journey to *Graffbam*, my well-beloved town of *Graffbam*, where I find myself in my mother's belly,—just rambled out of nothing, or next to it; being then nothing like what I am now; but a little live thing, hardly as big as a nit. Should I tell you, as the virtuosi do, that I was shaped at first like a tadpole, and that I remember very well, when my tail rambled off, and a pair of little legs sprung out in the room of it; nay, should I protest I pulled out my note-book, and slap-dash'd it down the very minute after it happen'd,—let me see—so many days, hours, and seconds after conception; yet this infidel world would hardly believe me; and therefore I'll advance nothing but what carries demonstration in the teeth on't, and will make them believe in spite of their

their noses:—I say then, that as soon as my mother quick'd, I began to ramble with a witness—were she alive she'd swear it.—However, not to trouble the world with a company of not very sweet depositions, to that purpose (for be it known I'm no *Prince of Wales*) 'tis an infallible mark that I was alive, because I am so—and am ready to enter the lists with any who shall dispute to the contrary. But there did I keep such a tossing and tumbling, frisking and rambling, and shifting sides, and turning about from one place to t'other, that after nine months, my mother could endure it no longer, but out she turns me, and abroad I rambled into the wide world.

C H A P. XI.

*An excellent sentimental chapter by the same
band.*

NOW here am I most abominably puzzled, and if my freedom lay upon't, could not for my blood resolve what to do. I had, to confess the truth, prepar'd a great many sparkling notions, pleasant fancies, neat thoughts, and whole bushels of flowers to welcome my coming into the world. I had collected many a fine passage, and well-turned period, concerning life, and all the conveniences, inconveniences, pleasure and pain of it, which could not have fail'd of ministring abundant diversion and profit to the well-disposed reader.—But how to lug it in,—ay, there's all the craft,—what's a man the better for having two hogsheds—at the door? for look ye now, and do but consider
my

my case,—I could cry I'm so plagued and tormented—to talk of life, and all those pretty things that I intended,—how I lookt abroad when I first saw the light, by the light of nature, and laughed in my nurse's face: I say, to talk of this when one was dead-born, looks a little like a figure in rhetoric, called nonsense,—and yet where to stick it in, if I slip this opportunity, I can't for my life imagine:—ha! I have found the way,—I have it—I won't take ten pounds for my thought; mark ye me, Mr. Reader,—I'll suppose I was born alive—for you know a man may suppose what he will;—I may suppose myself a conjurer, or a rhinoceros; and upon that supposal, I can most handsomely and expeditiously drive in all the rambling thoughts I have a mind to utter;—supposing then, that I liv'd two or three hours after I was dead-born, and then died again.

O life! life! what a whim thou art!
thou art a perfect *Wagstaff*,—nobody

VOL. I.

E

knows

knows what to make of thee;—thou art one tedious ramble from nothing to something, tho' that something is next to nothing.---Life is a troubled, troublesome, and tempestuous sea, a meer *Irish* ocean; we take shipping at our birth; with tears we sail over it; care, fear, sorrow, hope, (sometimes worse than all the other three) are the whirlwinds that blow us thro' it; and at last, with sighs and groans, we land at the *port of death*.

There's a group of figures for you, Mr. *Critic*: whether they are metaphors, or hyperboles, or ironies, or what not, signifies nothing. Did you ever hear, or read any thing like them? What was it *Seneca* said when he went into the hot bath? 'Tis no matter—I scorn your words---I don't steal from *Seneca*,—a poor heathen philosopher as he was. We have had as good heathens as he could be for the soul of him. How often have I thought on the advice of the *Indians* to their new-born children---Infant! thou comest

comest into the world to suffer ! suffer
and hold thy peace.

C H A P. XII.

More sentiments, or something like it.

THE reader will think me a meer
Tbracian thus to celebrate my own
nativity with tears.—But I cannot avoid
it, whene'er I reflect what a nasty world
I then came into; how crowded with
fools and knaves; how much pain for
a little taste of what we call pleasure;---
how the greatest part of it is an arrant
cheat, and a mischievous one besides;---
how little a while we generally stay in it,
and yet how unfit we go out of it;---all
these reflections are so strongly imprinted
on my mind, that indeed I wonder how
I could be perswaded to come abroad
into light; and had not the innate love
I had for rambling, even before I knew
what either that or myself was, inveigled

me on, I might possibly have staid as long in my mother's lodgings, as the physicians tell us the child of a certain *French* woman did, who went sixteen years before she was delivered.

Yet all this whining, whimpering, and hanging an——will do no good,—turn out I must; and abroad I rambled on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1659. Then, then was the time, when the good women brought my father the joyful news of a son and heir, after he had for five years despaired of them both.

The reader won't be so unconscionable sure, to think I should give him an account of what pleasant sparkling discourse passed between the gossips and the midwife,—how they read my fortunes, and gave their judgments; how the burnt claret rambled about, and the poor groaning cheese, gammons of bacon, and neat's tongues suffer'd for't—no,—that I can't, nor won't do, for these reasons—

First,

First, because 'twere below the gravity of such a discourse.

Secondly, because they made such a hideous noise, I could not tell a word they said.

Thirdly, because I had not my pen and ink about me, to take notes, (for I don't find in the register, that I was born with one in my hand; tho' as you have been told already, I think I've had one there almost ever since) and I dare not burden my memory with so many passages, or write what I am not well assured is truth. But to omit six or seven and twenty reasons between, for brevity's sake, one and thirtiethly, beloved, because I was dead born, and can't remember one word on't to save my life.

Well, methinks I have been dead an unreasonable while—strike up fiddler, as in the rehearsal, for I can lie no longer,—Away rambled my nurse, good woman, and my father and I to a certain quackess in the next parish, in a coach—

Yea,—I say in a coach, for, by Mr. —'s leave, a cart was neither handy nor seemly,—I leave that for him if there's occasion,—and so there's bob for bob,---not but that I honour and love the gentleman with all my heart;----but one good turn requires another,---hang him that will not be merry with his friend, and such as give jokes must take them: So---I have rambled out of the way myself, and almost lost cart and coach too.

Soho!----coachman----stop and take up one of the company,---well overtaken; now I'm in again,---and away they carried me, as I was saying, to the learned old woman at the next parish, who claps her bottle to my little muzzle. Had I been alive, I could ne'er have forgot how warm 'twas with being carried in her under-pocket, very near her ——— painful haunches; but to let that pass, it did the feat. I came peeping into the world again.

Next

Next I rambled into my chair with wheels, then into my leading strings, thence into breeches, to the extravagant joy of my trembling posteriors—for now I thought my father must say, by your leave son *Christopher*, should he come to clench his instructions at the wrong end; and what happened after this, you shall know if you will let me take breath, and meet you again at the next chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

Containing a dialogue between a deaf and dumb man. The reader must guess the editors motive for inserting this chapter here.

WHEW!—That must be nonsense however.—Pray, Sir, is this to be a dialogue between *one* or *two*? My stars!—I verily believe, not one reader in a thousand, upon a moderate computation, can conjecture the drift of

his author. Sir, I must aver to the everlasting overthrow of that insolent question, (and I do so in the double capacity of an author, and a naturalist) that *talk* is not essential to *conversation*. Will you give me leave for once to suppose an ox, an ass, a cock, a bull, or a goose, to have each as good an intellectual lining to his head as —— you apprehend me? In this case, you know, either of these worthy animals would be capable, by signs or sounds, of bandying an argument with as shrewd a philosopher as *Duns* (or, as some read it, *Dunce*) *Scotus*. This, my dear friend, is the *dumb* man's apology; and therefore let him sit on one side of the fire, and the *deaf* man on the other, and the dialogue shall begin in manner and form following.

Deaf man. Well, *Jack*, I love to see, and, as well as I can, to bear your sentiments upon any subject. Is not *TRISTRAM SHANDY* an odd dog?

The

The *dumb man* nodded.

Deaf man. He has wit.

Nod again.

Deaf man. And humour.

Another nod.

Deafman. I think there are some fine strokes in him.

The *dumb man* pointed to a peg by the door, upon which hung a plain furtout coat with a velvet cape, and a gold button and loop at the collar.

Deaf man. But then his regard to delicacy and *decorum*.

The *dumb man* shook his head.

Deaf man. You will allow, however, on the whole, that the performance is calculated for the interest of virtue.

Dumb man. Um—————ph.

Deaf man. Don't yon imagine the sermon was introduced for this purpose ?

Dumb man. Hah ! hah ! hah ! hah !

Deaf man. Why, considered as a detached piece, it is a very good discourse.

The *dumb man* nodded twice.

Deaf

Deaf man. I suppose you are doubtful whether the book was made for the sermon, or the sermon for the book?

The *dumb man's* reply was compounded of the purring of a cat, and the grunting of a pig.

Deaf man. Hey! I don't hear you.

Dumb man. Bo!

Deaf man. You will not, I perceive, or cannot give me satisfaction in the matter. However I must think **TRISTRAM SHANDY** a most useful and valuable performance,—Here the deaf man hiccupped,—the dumb man f-r-t-d; and two or three friends coming in at that instant, the dialogue ended.

C H A P. XIV.

In which the reader will find the author either resuming his argument, or taking a trip somewhere else.

THIS chapter is like to be kin to the chapter of the *bull* and the *unicorn* in *Mahomet's Alcoran*—a ramble from the very subject; which I won't promise ye you shall meet again after you have once left it; at least I can assure you, I find it necessary to expatiate; for as the fellow said in *Quixote*, who blew up a dog like a bladder, *d'ye think 'tis nothing to write a book?*

I might probably have told you the entertainment my nurse and I made one another, before I left her tuition, in the last chapter—but O! my mother! O! my dearest muz! why did you leave me? why did you go so soon, so very soon away?—Nurses are careless, sad
careless

careless creatures ; and, alas ! young *Christopher* may get a knock in his cradle, if you die and leave him to shift for himself : your death leads me to the house of weeping ;—it spoils all my pastimes, dissipates all my humour, kills all my maggots, persecutes me, destroys me, makes a martyr of me, and sets my very brains a rambling again, as much as my feet have ever been,—But what does all this avail ?—could I get all the *Irish Howlers* between *Carick-fergus* and t'other side of *Dublin* to hoot and hollow over her grave, they'd never bring her to life again,---for she is dead,——I forgot all this while to tell you that ; forgive, reader, the extravagance of my grief, which leads my fancy, and my memory along with it ; and then judgment, we know, has such a dependance upon both, that in plain English, I wish I don't turn a mere natural :---I tell you again she's dead---what would you have ? my mother is
dead,

dead; and worse can't happen unless *Judith* die---but alas---she was then but an egg---or my father,---and he too is departed. But alas! grief is tedious to any besides those who feel it, who take a pleasure even in thus tormenting themselves. Not, therefore, to acquaint the reader with her trances, extasies, and wondrous visions in the other world, where she took lodgings for three days; and then out of tenderness, rambled back again to see me her dear *Christopher*, (the very thought of which does yet---well,---but I'm a man) which is sufficiently known to be true by all those that knew her---not, I say, to force any thing on a man's belief, which he himself has not an inclination to swallow, I'll only tell you in brief, that my dear mother sickened and dy'd, and came to life again, just as they were putting her into the coffin to bury her, and lived a fortnight; and then sickened and dy'd again, and was buried in good earnest, and

and almost broke my heart, and my father's; though, little wretch that I was, I hardly then knew my loss, nor does the world yet know it; but it shall, and that soon too.—She was born, — I won't tell you where; for I'm ill-natured with my sorrows: the daughter of — I won't tell you who; for if I prove otherwise than well, there will be a good family disgraced:—if you ask what she was, that I'll tell you. She was the paragon of perfection, and loadstone of all eyes and hearts. She was the pattern of wives, queen of mothers, best of friends, and indeed, as my father used to say truly of her, had all the virtues of her sex in her little finger;—what had she then think ye all her body over? To say more than all, she was a very *Judith*, only a few years older, and well worthy to be the mother of *Christopher Wagstaff*, were he but as worthy to be her son.—Nay—but she shan't think to escape without some verses
on

on her death.—No, all my relations shall
know what 'tis to have a poet kin to 'em.

—She did—she did—I saw her mount the sky,
And with new whiteness paint the galaxy;
Heaven her methought with all its eyes did view,
And yet acknowledg'd all its eyes too few.
Methought I saw in crouds blest'd spirits meet,
And with loud welcomes her arrival greet.
Which, could they grieve, had gone with grief
away,

To see a soul more white, more pure than they.
Earth was unworthy such a prize as this;
Only a while heav'n let us share the bliss.—&c.

There are a great many more of 'em,
but I don't love to gorge the reader,
whom I rather chuse always to leave
with a relish for his next meal: I'll only
borrow his patience, and a friend's wit
for an epitaph, and then let her rest 'till
she and I awake together.

Here lies master *Wagstaff's* mother:
Death!--'e're thou killest such another,
Fair

Fair and good and wise as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Well—but I say no more:—and now being about to leave my beloved *Graffdam*, I can't but give you and posterity some account of it, as my famous predecessor *Coriat* did of *Odcomb*, which indeed does strangely agree with the place of my nativity—but the excellencies of it being too large to be contain'd in a corner, or crowded up in a piece of a chapter, they shall have a whole one to themselves, that immediately following.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM henceforward, reader, don't expect I should give every distinct ramble a distinct chapter, for truly I can't afford it any longer; for the chapters being *heavy* things, and the rambles brisk, little, airy ones, the last run away so fast, and scamper about at such a mad

mad rate, that the first, do what they can, can't keep pace with them, being besides a great many, one still begetting another, and running all different ways from one another.

—O but *Graffham*—my dear *Graffham* I han't forgot thee—no—sooner shall my toes forget the use of rambling, my fingers of writing, or my teeth of eating. I am resolved to write thy memoirs with all the accuracy possible, both for thy sake and my own.

First and mainly indeed—that after ages may know where I was born, and what place was so happy as to claim my nativity; for I would not leave *Graffham*, *Knightsbridge*, *Cheesham*, *London*, *Boston*, *Paris*, *Amsterdam*, and half a hundred places more a quarrelling for me to fifty generations hence, as the cities of Greece did for Homer.

Graffham was the place—but what was this *Graffham*? I'll tell you if you'll have patience; but have a care of envy.

Several excellencies there are from whence any place is wont to be commended by authors, few or none of which but exactly agree to that of my nativity;—and the first of them is—air—that dish we feed on every minute, and that without *surfeiting*, unless it gets into the *head* or *belly*; and with this nature has so obliged the town of *Graffham*, that she has no need to send for bottled air home, or to drive her natives abroad to a healthier place than her own, when out of order.

The second thing that doth even nobilitate our little parish, is their wool. Now you know what splutter formerly there was about this subject. An honest fellow had got him a flock of fat weathers, and to keep 'em safe, secured 'em in a garden, just on the outside of his house. But all wou'd not do; for the *Argonauts*, a company of sheepstealers as they were, having smelt out where they grased, seised upon 'em all; and for what reason

son or cause, think you, but for the excellency of the wool, as well as the sweetness of the mutton?—But hold, I have more to say concerning this same business.—You have heard of *Miletus* I'm sure, you I mean, my learned readers, though you can't tell where to find it now,—one of the most famous cities of *Greece*, mother that she was of eighty colonies; nor was she less renowned for the fineness of her wool than for the stateliness of her buildings.

They may talk of the royal purple, and precious scarlet, and *Tyrian* dye, and I know not what *fiddle-faddles*—but what colour amongst them all can compare with that of wool, and native innocence? and for that---trust *Graffham*, show for show, against all the world:—here's that shall challenge *Lemster*, *Cotswold*, and all the wolds and downs in *England*, as white as honour, chastity, and virtue, and as pure as the body and soul of the beautiful *Judith*.

The third article is, the tallness, altitude, or *mayposity* of our church and steeple, erected so loftily (as how can it chuse? being at the top of a hill) as that it appears the very metropolitan of all the little villages, which like handmaids wait at awful distance about us. What care I for their steeple-crown'd *Pharos* that look'd a hundred miles round---or the monumental mum-glass, that pretty stripping of twenty-four years' growth, which, as the fellow said of the ship, if it grows at this rate 'till it is a hundred years old, what a monster will it be! Let *Bow* steeple, and *Salisbury* steeple, and *Grantham* steeple run to seed as far as they will, and give the very clouds a glister, or rather suppositor, — I say *Graffham* steeple is *Graffham* steeple still---and there's and end on't.

The fourth is, the excellency of the soil, which is so fat and rich, that it doth even flow with milk and honey, not to mention curds and buttermilk.

You

You may think this a poetical rant, but 'tis as true as I ever was at *Boston*; for I remember very well, my father kept seven cows in glebe field, besides a red cow in the close behind the parsonage-house, and a bull in the common into the bargain; and 'tis hard luck if out of all of them we had not milk enough without scoring up behind the door.

Next for the variety of our sweet and wholesome springs, distributed by the prudent artifice of old dame nature into sundry convenient places of our palaces; some issuing out of an opaque concave, as if once the nymphs kept court in the inside; others dribbling down daintily from the worn face of an old rock, whose blubbered cheeks were always troubled with a rheumatism; some again just peeping in such wise out of the ground through a company of pebbles, you'd think 'em only the sweat of the earth, 'till growing still stronger and stronger, at last they in-

crease to that bulk, that by intercepting the chrystal waves, and by circumob-jecting clods of earth and hurdles, the country swains made thereof a *mathematical* engine called a *sheep-pond*.

Now the sixth thing, for which our town of *Graffham* is remarkably recommendable, is, their famous breed of horses. O with what inexpressible content and satisfaction have I observed those docile animals hearken to the sweet instructions of their rustical *curators*! Shall I ever forget those ravishing accents,---*ree---gee---hoe---*and the rest of 'em? Well---these horses are certainly very tractable creatures, especially our *Graffhamites*, and deserve, for aught I know, to be placed in the skies, as well as either *Pegasus* or *Pacolet*.——But now we talk of horses, what think you of that famous *Grecian* horse, called *Bucephalus the Great*, the true pad of the scarce greater *Alexander*?—and yet these brave creatures be not always the wisest,
for

for that silly animal was frightened at his own shadow, and flung, and flounc'd about like a mad thing ;—whereas to my knowledge 'tis not a small matter will fright our more generous *Graffbam* steeds, which are so far from inclinations to scampering, that I have seen them stand as indifferent and careless under whip, spur, staff, and wand, as if they were above the brutal methods of force and violence ; and I'd fain know what horse is fit for a war-horse, if not such an one as will not stir an inch though he feels a lump of steel in the very guts of him ?

C H A P. XVI.

BUT more than horses, wells, springs, rivers, churches, steeples, and all, is that most amiable unity, peace, amity, and love, which, time out of mind, has made its halcyon-nest in my fine town of *Graffbam*. Who ever heard of armies

against armies there, as in *Rome*, *Jerusalem*, *Paris*, and many greater cities that are old and big enough to have more wit? Or to come nearer home,—do we use to quarrel for shrieves, lord-mayors, and common-council men, and call *thou rogue*, and *thou fool*?—No—catch us at that and hang us.—Do but see how infectious the foul great places are.—There's *Brentford* now, which one would think were a peaceable dusty place enough, and yet every body has heard of the three kings of *Brentford* at one time.—O abominable!—and then whole armies *incognito* at *Knightsbridge*, and the *Hammer-smith* brigade, and I know not what :---whereas the oldest man in *Graffham* never remembers an army there, either *cognita* or *incognito*, nor any other of their barbarous wicked ways, nor ever knew above one king at a time since the creation of the world ;---tho' a parlous petulant fellow, who don't live very many miles off, would persuade

suade us simple volk that we have got two kings now,---one that has good handvaft already, and t'other that must have it when he can catch it,---but one's enough at one time, and God send we may have ne'er another these hundred years.

One excellency more it has---of which very briefly---for---a word to the wise---that is---'tis the birth place of *Christopher Wagstaff*.— And O that he could but have stay'd there, that they still might have been happy in one another !

See, reader, what a value I have for it ; my love for my country even checks my love to rambling ; and indeed all great generous souls, though they, like the sun, have a kind aspect towards all the world, yet, like him too, they favour some beloved place more than others ; if they love their particular parents, their country, which is the common parent of all, challenges still more
their

their love ;---and in both cases, not only gratitude and interest, but even nature knits the bond ; and it must be a very high injury indeed, if it is any at all, which ought to dissolve the last, though the first should cease : for as that witty rogue Lucian, the very Roger of his age, says---but 'tis *Greek*, and I will not venture any farther lest I should slip in over head and ears before I'm aware, (and then how shall I get out again). Then what says honest *Cato* ? In short, the very smoak of our own country is more dear, and looks brighter than the fire of another. [There's sense for ye now, in *English*, *Greek*, and *Latin* ; or shall be before I've done.]

O *Grassham*, *Grassham* ! I say still, let all the world say what they will, my country is the best country, the sweetest country, the bravest, rarest, gaudiest country all the world over. Let the *Laplander* admire his own airy fields and wild habitation, which none
but

but the devil and he would dwell in ;—
 I say give me *Graffbam* ; let the *French-*
man say nature never made a country so
 happy as his own—let him live upon
 grapes and frogs ; let the *Italian* praise
 his fallads ; and the *Dutchman* his her-
 ring—O but give me a surloin of *Graff-*
bam beef,—there's beef,—there's fat,---
 there's pig and pork,---cut and come
 again.---Well, there's ne'er a *Great Turk*
 of 'em all, neither he at *Constantinople*,
 nor t'other at *Paris*, that lives half so
 well as our churchwardens of *Graff-*
bam.——I know it---never tell me,---
 it has not its fellow again :---your *Welsh*
leeks,----*Irish potatoes*, *Cornish fumades*,
Scots cakes,---rocks, hills, mines, sloughs,
 and bogs,——what are they all ? Let
 'em all cry their own land is best,---I
 won't much quarrel with 'em for that,
 so they'll confess mine is better :---I have
 always lov'd my country much more
 than my life. So generous were the
 brave old Romans, so fortunate withal
 ---they

---they were indeed, as *Juvenal* says greatly of one of 'em, *magni animi prodigi*; even prodigal of their great souls, and lavish of their lives, (perfect *Wag-staffs*) when their dear country wanted 'em.—One throws himself amidst his enemies; t'other leaps headlong into the midst of a fiery gulph,---*Curtius all arm'd to the black breach did ride*---where alas! ah! where shall we find the like now, except at *Graffham*? I can't hold in this hard-mouth'd muse, (I must get a curb-bridle for her) but she will run away with me upon this subject, and good b'ye, reader; for you are not like to set sight on me again, 'till the next chapter. And then you may depend upon it, you shall have more of my company—as I find you like it.

C H A P. XVII.

The editor humbly begs leave to give the author the lie, by inserting two extraordinary chapters here himself.

A Very judicious and penetrating critic has observed, that there is not near so much imitation in the literary world as gentlemen are apt to imagine. And this he makes out sufficiently by a great variety of remarks and illustrations, respecting principally *epic* and *dramatic* poetry, and the *natural* similarity or coincidence of ideas, sentiments, &c. and consequently of design, imagery, and expression, between *Homer* and the ancient writers of tragedy, and their numerous successors in the *epopee* and the *drama*.—I had once a strong inclination to have produced a competent number of passages from this very ingenious performance; and that for these reasons; first,

first, because quotations are of great use to prove an author's reading; and secondly, because they very commodiously help to fill a page, I might say a volume. But as this dissertation doth not extend itself to that particular species of writing, which we call *humourous*, any farther than as its *general principles* may be applied thereunto, I shall no farther avail myself of it than may be for the benefit, and to the consolation of many of those to whom these presents shall come.

Cervantes is, I believe, almost universally considered as the prince and father of the *minor historians*; for I am willing to yield the preference, in point of dignity, tho' not of use, to the writers of *state history*, the transcribers of dull annals, and intelligencers of meer matters of fact. You shall not hear the name of *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, *Tristram Shandy*, or *Christopher Wagstaff*, mentioned in company, or (which is the same thing) among critics,---but you will be
stunn'd

stunn'd with a conclamation of voices all united in one damning declaration, that they stole from, are beholden to, and are asses in comparison of, that most excellent and consummate original, *Don Quixote*. Now I cannot but look upon this as unfair usage. For tho' I readily grant the ingenious *Spanish* author to have been a very quaint, shrewd, and odd fellow, (it is hard indeed if not one of the three adjectives will fit him exactly) yet I can no more allow all mirth, humour, and drollery to be deducible from him as from their chief source and fountain, than I can suppose he invented laughing.——What a certain poet says of love, (not of his own head, for it is in a translation) that——

Love is all in all, and is in all the same

I take the liberty to say of nature,——

Nature is all in all, and is in all the same.

Or, in plain prose, thus—— Ideas, thoughts, cogitations, crotchets, conceits, and whatever other term be fairly syno-

synonymous with or analogous to them, have the same common causes, origins, and foundations in an *Englishman*, a *Frenchman*, a *Spaniard*, a *Savoyard*, or a *Dutchman*: albeit (no bad old word that) they are more forcibly and deeply imprinted on some minds, no matter by what, (I can't stay now to examine the reasons why) than they are on others. As far as these ideas, &c. (I find I am entering deeply into the argument) are responsive to, and connected with nature, they are just in themselves, and are agreeable, at least are not disgusting, when communicated thro' the vehicle of speech to one's acquaintance, friends, or neighbours.—Exemplify, my dear philosopher, exemplify.—Have patience—(is it not one of the *cardinal* virtues?) and I will.—Suppose a man should tell you, he was fancying he saw a porter tumbling into *Fleet-ditch*, or a horse galloping across *Salisbury-plain*,—there would be no intellectual damage in the case; but
 should

should he say he imagined he saw a post-boy riding an elephant thro' the clouds, or a grasshopper skipping up the cupola of St. Paul's, with a *Cheshire* cheese upon his neck;—you would, *ipso dicto*, consign him over to the fraternity at *Bedlam*.——

So again, if a man writes a story, or draws a character, the only way to judge of its merit is to confront it with nature; and if the archetype and the copy agree, it doth not signify three-halfpence how many have written stories, or drawn characters, before him. The folly of knight-errantry is not more strongly delineated in the account of *Don Quixote's* attacking the windmill under the notion of its being a giant, than the tenderness of good-nature is exprest in *Toby Shandy's* throwing the fly out at the window, which had been tormenting him all dinner-time. The simplicity of *Sancho-Pancho*, and Corporal *Trim* may be regarded in the same light: and tho'

the plan of, one writer may be more extensive than that of another, his invention more quick, his imagination more lively, and his colourings stronger, and consequently his book more instructive, more diverting, and more—what not?—yet these circumstances do not derogate from the real justness or propriety of characters, or incidents, &c. in the inferior, or denominate him an imitator. For if purely to write in the same mode with another, or even to take some general hints from him, doth fix this opprobrious stamp upon a man, surely we should never have seen any more than one *epic* poem, one tragedy, one comedy, one farce, one history, one romance, one poem, and one ballad in the world. —Indeed when more circumstances than one run almost directly parallel in two writers, or when in particular places an observable likeness of phraseology occurs in them, the latter may be so far forth justly pronounced to be under obligations

gations to his predecessor; and if he doth not himself publickly acknowledge those obligations, I confess I see not what can be said in his vindication:— and I am apt to think, if an indictment was laid against *Tristram Shandy*, Gent. by *Christopher Wagstaff*, upon this account, a *Grand Jury* of critics would find the bill.

C H A P. XVIII.

A fellow to the last.

I Say, Sir, it may be concluded from what was said in the last chapter, and if not, I do however affirm it here, that the affectation of *originality* hath been the ruin of many a man's character as a writer. The gentleman I was speaking of in that chapter shews this in some very glaring instances.—Imitation, as he observes, may be often necessary, and even commendable; whereas (now 'tis

my turn to observe, and I will do it in a pretty manner too) he who thro' false shame, or wrong apprehension, strikes out of the high road to *Parnassus* (*Parnassus*, ladies, is *Latin* for *reputation*) into by-ways and blind paths, under a conceit of a surer or nearer cut; instead of getting to his journey's end, will soon be lost in the briars of perplexity, and entangled among the thorns of confusion! —I must make one more observation, not quite so pretty, but something wiser than the last.—All authors should take their materials from the store-house (warehouse, if you will,) of nature; and altho' in this, as in all commercial cases, the common rule is—*first come first served*—yet so large is her stock and assortment of goods, that whoever will deal constantly with her, and come to her shop only, shall be well used, and furnished with what he wants as cheaply as any of her oldest customers.—I think the last chapter should have ended here; and I believe

believe you will think so to (if you are *methodistically* inclined in literary business) before you are got a couple of sentences farther.

The foregoing remarks are calculated for writers only, or at least principally ; but as I do not apprehend above one half of my readers are writers, it may be proper to add something upon the subject for the benefit of common life and conversation.—Now nature, you must know, ought to be the rule of talking as well as of writing ; or, in other words, proprieties, consistencies, and analogies, are to be attended to as *well* (confound him for an unreasonable hypercritic who says, as *much*) in what we *say*, as in what we *print* : and yet, whether it be owing to down-right ignorance, which sometimes happens, or to the above-mentioned affectation of *originality* and *novelty*, which, I take it, happens much oftener, so strange frequently are our incoherencies, so incongruous

our ideas, so undistinguishable our distinctions, and our *similes* so *unlike*, that

Serpentes avibus geminantur, &c.

may, for the most part, be the standing motto to our ordinary confabulations.— Sometimes, 'tis true, our ideas are so luckily correspondent to their exciting objects, you would swear all mankind justly conceived things thro' the same medium of perceptibility—(I think the sense is as good as the sound here ; but if the reader is of a different opinion, as readers and writers won't always agree, let him alter the sentence, with his pen, to his own mind). Suppose a woman (not a lady) to come across the *Park*, *Grosvenor-square*, or into *Ranelagh*, or a *Play-house*, or any public place, with bandy legs, a hump back, blear eyes, and rotten teeth ; in short, suppose her to be as deformed as deformity, both positively and negatively considered, could make her ; what, do you imagine, would
the

the spectators say? Would they say she was like a *bat*, a *badger*, a *spider*, an *owl*, a *badger*, &c. (tho' perhaps there might be some traits of resemblance between her and either of these creatures)? (Did you ever see an interrogation-point in a queerer situation?)—Not they indeed.—They would all (I'll lay ten to five) with one voice, and in one breath, as it were, pronounce her to be as *ugly* as the *devil*.

Now, let me ask you, my good friend, from what principle of propriety, or rule of proportion, you will account for it, that these very identical persons, supposing a female as beautiful as either of the late *Miss Gunnings* to come in their way, should cry out in transport and admiration, —(strictly speaking, *admiration* ought to have stood first) there goes a *devilish handsome* woman?—Pity it is, and it must be chiefly, no doubt, imputed to the mistaken notion of the fervility of *imitating* the ancients, or the

correct moderns, that the same persons should at different times, and on different occasions, turn the same idea topsyturvy, and express themselves with such wonderful propriety, and with such amazing deficiency of adaptation.— There is not a more unequally and diametrically-oppositely yoked *couple* in the parish of *St. James*, or within the precincts of *Westminster*, than *curst good, bellish cold, immensely small, and monstrous pretty*: yet these nevertheless are frequently *matched* by gentlemen of reputed elocution.—

When a man calls another a d-mn'd rogue, I can allow, by virtue of a strong figure, some congruence in the appellation; but how there came to be any d-mn'd clever fellows, or d-mn'd honest fellows, or so many d-mn'd fools in the kingdom, I cannot in the least explain from the principles of *logic, grammar, or charity*.—If a man, whom I had sent on an errand, (I have a great mind to specify

cify half a dozen, but, hang it, I won't) should tell me he would be gone *like an arrow out of a bow*, I would admit the *hyperbole*, and back the comparison, in point of justness, against the very best in *Homer's Iliad*; whereas should he swear he would return in the *twinkling of a Jew's harp, or broomstick*, I should no more understand him than I do Mr. *Hutchinson*.—*Pish* and *'pshaw* are contemptuous interjections of unquestionable significance; and I had much rather (I mean for the credit of the speaker) a friend, or even a foe, should ejaculate one of them in my face, than cut me short with a — my — *in a bandbox*.—In a word, I grant you great allowances ought to be made to *tropical* dealers, at least in quotidian discourse, while they shew *some* regard, be it *more or less*, for *analogy*; but not otherwise. I will acknowledge a man may be as *drunk as a lord, a pig, or a wheelbarrow*; but he who should affirm

affirm to me he had seen a man as *drunk* as *poison*, or as *muck*, or as *Newgate-steps*, would commit a most violent and horrid rape upon my conception.

N. B. These two chapters are to be looked upon as rather *judicious* than *correct*:—but the reader may depend upon all defects in both being fully supplied in the fourth chapter of the eighteenth volume of this work, or somewhere thereabouts.

C H A P. XIX.

I Say, as well as *Thomas Sternhold*---
Give me the world full wide. For had not I been a strange creature, had I continu'd pent up in a quart pot ever since I was born 'till now, to peep and mutter there, like a familiar spirit shut up in a bottle? Love my country I do, even, I think, (I'd speak cautiously) almost to fighting for it—so far

I am sure I do, but whether farther than about the edges of that terrible business, I can't be positive ;—only I hope, as every good citizen, regimented or not, ought to do, that there will be no occasion for it ;—and who, but ill-meaning men, would wish war so near our gates that we should go out and meet it ? But notwithstanding all that, and more I could say,—rambling is still a pretty thing, a very pretty thing truly, much improving the knowledge, increasing the experience, confirming the judgment, strengthening, polishing, and burnishing both body and mind ; it has made some cheeks, that shall be nameless, as bright as the sun to my knowledge, and much of the same colour : what says *Herbert* ?

Active and rambling spirits live alone.

—Or something like it, for I have not the book by me.—Come, I'll tell ye a story, that you may see what fools there

there are.—There was a woman liv'd at *Taunton-Dean*—you have heard zhure of *Taunton-Dean*—'tis one of the biggest towns in all *Zummeritzbire*. Zoo, zur, this zame woman having never avore been above a stone's julk, or a quoit's cast out of her parish bounds, happened to have a young vellow come a zutering to her, who lived a matter o'zum twenty mile off, at *Cbeard* 'twas, or the next town to it; and zoo, zur, at last it came about that he got hur's and hur vather's konzent, and married hur; and zoo when a had married hur, a zet hur behind un, and carried hur away to *Cbeard*. Zoo as they were a joulting along upon the king's highway, and still went vurder and vurder, she great vool, that had never been haaf zoo far zuns she was born, skream'd out to un, and cry'd—Why our *Jan*! what dozt meean to doa, what dozt thenk to karry me to the world's eand? *Jan* he whickered and laughed, zoo a ded, 'till

a almost bewrayed azzeff, zoo a ded ; but at last, a littel about an hour by zun, he got hur hooam, and then toald her— Why thou great ooaff, dozt thenk we be come neare the world's-eeand yet ? Why, mun the world is an hundred times zoo long as 'tis twext *Taunton-Dean* and *Cbeard*.—Zavetly, zavetly, *Jan!* quoth hur again toon, and chill tell thee zoom-what, *Jan!* wort n't my husbon, chud zea thou wor't voul as great a lyard as any in all theck world thou taakst of.

Now at this silly rate would a man talk that had never travelled farther than on a proceffion-day, nor rambled beyond the hen-roofts, or the next orchard : but a man that improves his time and youthful years, as some have done that shall be nameless,—why he is company for any king in *Chriftendom*, ay, and in *Pagan-dom* too—as you will see when you come to *America*,

C H A P. XX.

*A faithful account of the author's rambles
when he went to school.*

BEING now about to describe my juvenile rambles, (tho' I'll not trouble the reader with every expedition I made a nutting, or birds-nesting, nor intend to take any care about connecting my rambles together with historical discretion and all that) I can by no means omit giving him what I have promised him (and I'm famous for keeping my word) in the contents of this chapter, —An account of my rambles while at school, from one place to t'other, and and from t'other to the next, and so on, and of my two or three rambles into t'other world, or however into the pur-lieus of it.

The names of my schoolmasters were Mr. *A. B. C. D.* and almost all the christ-

christ-cross row over ; but for the most part they were such vinegar-fac'd, mustard-nosed fellows—such heavy-handed, thick-finger'd, foot-fisted rascals, that they made me hate *Lilly* worse than the *Great Mogul*, and poor *Phædrus*, who never did me any wrong, though I often did him, more than the devil.—So that I soon rambled from school home again, but was quickly sent back with my hands tied, like a thief, whose inclination often travels one way and his body t'other. But now I say, in spite of them all, human nature is not to be thus dealt with. Much art is required in forming such tender things as youth. I'm very confident the reason why we speak no more *Latin*, nor more fluently in *England*, is because these intendants of schoolmasters hector us thus in our mother tongue.—A dog that is taught to fetch and carry has more sweet words, and fewer sour knocks and blows, than we poor curs generally meet withal ;
which,

which, before we come to taste the sweets of learning and good authors, sets us against even whatever looks like a book.—Not but that I honour and respect those ingenious men who little less than *devote* themselves for their country's sake to this laborious employment, and endeavour (as *Oldham* says) by fair means to tempt *Greek* and *Latin* into such block-heads as mine: who by mild arts, and adapting their methods to the capacities they have to deal with, can do more in four years than others can in ten, or ten hundred.—But the world has seldom wit enough to give such their due respect and encouragement.

However 'tis, happy was I when my father took me out of their *purgatory*, and taught me, as well as he could, himself: but first I must tell you what were my choicest rambles while under their jurisdiction.

Two or three I had which were like to prove very long ones, I being just upon

upon the tiptoe to see my great grand-fathers.

One day while I went to school at Dungrove, (the place where I now boarded) as I returned home about the time that sol's fiery-footed steeds began to make the ocean hizz with thrusting their hoofs into't, (which a writer of plain heavy prose would say, was much about the time of sun-set, or toward the close of the day) what do you think befel me?—You will never guess, and so for once I'll be so civil as to tell you.—As I was rambling home, you must know, by a straggling river which sneaks by the town, gazing sometimes on the lofty hills and flowry dales, and sometimes on the stately swans that did now in triumph ride among the sedges of the meandering streams, (I think those swans were geese though, to all the truth) and by and by listening to the feathered people that were warbling out their ravishing ditties in a ful-

len grove, and mournfully cooing unto each other's moan :—owls, cuckoos, phœnicopters, rooks, and phœnixes,—why just then, all on a sudden, before I could say what's this, or knew where I was, my noddle now swimming with a million of fancies, (as I always had a very working brain) and not minding my way, in tumbled I into the river, hugging the waves as tenderly as you can for the life of you imagine.—But not to tell you what discourse the water nymphs and I had together, how they took me down with them to their chrystal palaces, and seagreen dining-rooms, all hung with watchet silk, and deck'd with coral and mother of pearl (I'll warrant you that was the cheapest furniture there); not to puzzle or gag your belief with such odd accidents—this I am sure you'll all credit—that when I was under water I was in danger of drowning, and that had I continued there but one four-and-twenty hours, I had

had certainly been dead to this day,—and there had been an end of poor *Kit* and all his rambles:—but as my better stars would have it, who should lie sleeping just by the water-side, but one Mr. I. R. (not *James Rex*, but another whose name begins with the same letters) who caught me hold by the left leg, (I remember very well, it was my left, for I had the cramp plaguily in my right) and pulling me out, in contempt of half a tun of water in my belly, held me up by the heels so long that I thought my guts would have dropt out at my mouth, or at least I should have gone to stool at the wrong end.—And yet could I not find in my heart to be angry with him, so grateful is my nature, for thus saving my life, when I was within six gasps precisely of feeding the fishes:—I say precisely, for sure I should best know the measure of my own belly, which must unavoidably have burst with six go-downs more of that uncomfort-

able element.— So there's an end of that ramble ; fate held its own, and he that is born to die in his bed, shall ne'er be drown'd.

But alas, alas ! how various are the chances that assail us mortal men !— How constant is fortune in inconstancy ! (that flower I had out of *English Parnassus*) : Another sad accident showed I was bullet-proof as well as water-proof—for as I was playing with a particle of lead of a globular form, (though I never took the measure of the diameter of it) *i. e.* as I might have told you before, with a leaden bullet in my mouth ; the portcullis not being shut down close enough, in it rolled at the gate of my stomach, and stopt all passage of breath itself.—Now while I was snorting and snuffling, grunting and groaning—

When death in leaden slumbers hover'd o'er,
My strength decay'd, and I could strive no more,
Then lo ! a gentle maid, from heaven sent,
Thrust down my throat a nat'ral instrument,
Call'd

Call'd her fore-finger, and with many a thump
 Against my groaning back, and sounding rump,
 To her much joy, and my no little pain,
 Up with a jerk the bullet leap'd again.

These two sad accidents made such
 impression on my mind, that I im-
 mediately entered them down in my pock-
 et-book.

C H A P. XXI.

The Editor takes occasion to put in a
 chapter here.

Quicquid ago est FARRAGO LIBELLI.

—STOP—stop, Mr. *Wagstaff*; I
 have been lying in wait for
 your pocket-book above this half hour
 —Let me see what you have got in it.
 —*Eight shirts,—six handkerchiefs,—five*
pair of stockings;—left my silver seal with
Homer's (or Julius Cæsar's) head upon it
in the chest-of drawers in the best room;—

lost at all-fours nine-pence.—Here, pry-thee take thy book again—there is nothing worth looking at.—The proper use of pocket-books was not known in thy days.—But I have now an opportunity of examining one that I found some time ago at the farther end of the Mall, which seems, by the neatness and elegance of the covers, to have been the property of some person of considerable figure.—As it has been advertised, and no claim to it been made, I think myself at liberty to communicate the contents of it, with a view to my own and the reader's entertainment.—And because it hath been, and still is, usual to introduce all books of whatever size, and on whatever subject, with a preface to the publick, I judge it proper to prefix the following

PREFACE to a *modern* POCKET-BOOK.

“ A pocket-book is a small portable
 “ volume, or annual register, in which
 “ the

“ the proprietor sets down (and by so
 “ doing is a kind of *author to himself*)
 “ the actions, accidents, and occurrences
 “ of his life from day to day, his en-
 “ gagements, expences, receipts, and ob-
 “ servations, for the benefit of his *purse*,
 “ the ease of his *memory*, and the im-
 “ provement of his *understanding*. It is,
 “ in short, a man’s own private history
 “ from *breakfast to dinner* time, from
 “ *dinner to supper*, &c. as long as he
 “ lives, or at least as long as he does
 “ any thing worth his *own notice*. By
 “ this method, which is wholly of mo-
 “ dern invention, (for the *tabella* of the
 “ antients was quite a different thing) a
 “ gentleman can see at a minute’s warn-
 “ ing as well *what he is*, as where he is
 “ to be, or what he is to do, or whither
 “ he is to go, and may be satisfied with
 “ little or no trouble of what use or con-
 “ sequence he is to himself, to his fa-
 “ mily, or to the public.—These books
 “ have of late years been so beautifully

“ bound, and richly ornamented, and
 “ the *printed directions* given in and with
 “ them are so *clear and full*, that there
 “ is hardly a *fine gentleman* about town,
 “ who can *write tolerably*, without one
 “ in his pocket. — In fine, a pocket-
 “ book may be a journal of *wise, good,*
 “ and *virtuous* actions, or of *vile, vici-*
 “ *ous, and insignificant* one’s; and it may
 “ not be amiss just to intimate how
 “ much every one is concerned, in point
 “ of present reputation as well as future
 “ prospects, not to appear a fool or a
 “ villain upon his *own record*. — You
 “ remember the story of the *college-but-*
 “ *ler*, who, in the *delirium* of a high
 “ fever, called out to his boy to *burn his*
 “ *buttery-book!*” —

Now, Sir, we will look into the ano-
 nymous volume I told you of. — Note,
 I shall only transcribe the most remarkable
 articles, and such as the proprietor seems
 most to have piqued himself upon.

Feb. 1, 1761, Monday. Went to Drury-Lane with my Lord — to see Garrick act *King Lear*. — Remember my Lord called Garrick the *English Roscius*. — Garrick excellent in the passionate parts of the character. — Quin used to act this part. — No-body beat Quin in *Falstaff*.

— 2, Tuesday. Fine morning. Rode two hours upon the western road — came in sight of *Windsor*. — *Windsor* a most charming situation. Dining at home. Soup smoked. Mem. The cook shall march at Lady-day. — Sir J. T. and Mr. — held a long debate whether venison be best with or without sweet sauce.

— 3, Wednesday. Quarrelled confoundedly with my wife about what was *trumps* the last deal of the last game at —'s rout yesterday. — Scalded the cat's face with a dish of tea. — Lay out all night at —. — Mem. These are the comforts of matrimony.

— 4,

— 4, *Thursday*. Asked to contribute to a collection for some sufferers by a fire at ——. Would not.—There is d-mn'd roguery in these things.—I never give to the poor.

— 5, *Friday*. Heard at the coffee-house that the new emperor of *Russia* and the King of *Prussia* would certainly be reconciled.—The *Russians* were a barbarous people 'till *Peter the Great's* time.—It was he that killed the famous king of *Sweden* at the siege of *Pultowa*.

— 6, *Saturday*. Went to the opera.—This is the sixth I have seen this year.— sings most divinely. Mem. The *English* will never come up to the *Italians* for dress and scenery.

— 7, *Sunday*. My mare lame. Did not chuse to ride *Smoker*.—Went to church for the first time this year.—A c-r-f-d stupid text.—Dr. — a good preacher enough, but d-mn'd long-winded.—Lost the same evening at *lamb-skinnet*.

skinnet near sixty guineas. Mem. I'll be d-mn'd, if I ever lay a single shilling again upon that confounded *queen of Clubs*.

— 8, *Monday*. Spent the evening with *Capt.* —. *Capt.* — and several more at the —. *Capt.* — an excessively sensible fellow, and sings a droll song.---A high evening.---Drank three bottles of claret a man. Mem. Engaged to go with *Capt.* — to *New-market*.---Offered to back *Mr.* —'s filly for a hundred pounds.

— 9, *Tuesday*. Sent the 5th and 6th vols. of *Tristram Shandy* to be bound. There is a great deal of cutting satire in *Tristram Shandy*; but *Lord* —'s chaplain says 'tis not so *moral* a thing as *Clarissa*.

—, 10, *Wednesday*. Read four leaves of *Smollet's* history at breakfast; and agreed with my wife to send *Jacky* to *Eton* school.---Company at dinner.---*Mr.* — talked a great deal about the *militia*.

militia.---He advised me to stand for the borough of --- next election.---Went in the evening to see the *Coronation* at *Covent-Garden* ---They cannot act any thing but *fights* at that house.

--- 11, *Thursday*. Received my *Hertfordshire* Rents. Mem. Farmer *Drudge* gave his daughter two hundred pounds, when she married last week.---Shall raise his rent.

--- 12, *Friday*. Went to the coffee-house. *Spaniards* have not declared war yet. Read all the droll advertisements. Never read any foreign news but what is in the *Gazette*.---Told my wife I was going upon business to *Richmond*, and should not be at home 'till next day.---Went to, and took --- with me. Lay at ---.

This sample will, I suppose, abundantly satisfy the reader.---I will only add, that as the book itself appears to be of *no manner of use to any body but the owner,*

owner, if he will apply to the printer he shall have it returned, and *no questions asked.*

C H A P. XXII.

*n which the author is permitted to proceed
in his history.*

SOON after this last disaster, I begun to consider that I was now hop stride and jump into my teens, and 'twas therefore high time to leave the school where I had been so long imprisoned, to so little purpose, and ramble somewhere else. And indeed I never lov'd constraint from my infancy: that which I can otherwise naturally and easily do, if it once comes to be imposed, tho' by me upon myself, tho' it be one of the most necessary offices, I can hardly persuade my body to do: the rebellious members whereof, over which a man has a particular power and jurisdiction, sometimes refuse to obey their lord and master:—(ah, treacherous
faithless

faithless creatures!) they deserve to be amputated for their pains.

This school restraint I was at last freed from, and set out on a new ramble with some of my relations who came to fetch me home; but should I relate all the mournful stories, and passionate tears included in my bidding poor *Cheesham* farewell; (for that was the place I was now leaving) how many bushels of tears I wept, how many seas I and my friends rain'd in one anothers bosom;—(for notwithstanding my love for rambling, 'twas hard to part with 'em,) and how many clouds and hurricanes my sighs form'd themselves into when they got vent, and rambled into the open air; I verily believe 'twould swell this book into as many folios, as there will now be lesser volumes.

I'll therefore wave 'em all at present, and only acquaint you, that a fine sunshiny morning 'twas when I first set out again a rambling; the air was perfumed
with

with the sweet odours which the sun exhaled from the bosom of the fertile earth, 'till it smelt as fragrant as the breath of my *Judith*.—So out I set, and *Spanker* my dog was with me.

CHAP. XXIII. By the author's leave.

—*MY dog was with me*—let's see—is there no advantage to be made of this dog of Master *Wagstaff's*?—Will not a chapter upon dogs be as entertaining, and as harmless too, as a chapter upon *button-holes* or *whiskers*?—I will undertake it—that's flat—and accordingly I begin with an *aphorism*.—

Every man from the king to the cobbler (don't misapprehend me, I mean *exclusively* on the upper part) IS A SON OF A B-T-H.—I will allow the reader the space of two or three lines to stare and take breath in

.....

* * * * *

—there—and then coolly proceed to elucidation.

I take it for granted, it will be allowed me without a moment's hesitation, that this nation abounds with *queer dogs, jolly dogs, sad or sorry dogs, stupid dogs, surly dogs, and sly dogs, &c.* insomuch that I have often thought the *isle of dogs* might stand by *synecdoche* for the *island of Great-Britain*.—Whether it be, that the *dog-star* hath a peculiar influence over this country during the *dog-days*, or, whether that there is a much greater variety of the species of the animal here than on the continent, or, whether the numerous uses, properties, and qualities of these creatures have procured them a kind of a *naturalization* among us, it is unnecessary to enquire; but the fact is, that in our appellations, allusions, and descriptions, we apply their several names and natures more than any people under heaven.—In the daily concerns and inter-
courses

courses of human life, how justly are we said to be perpetually liable to *dog-tricks*?—In the inferior stations of subordination and subjection how often do we find our governors and teachers, both *temporal* and *spiritual*, our parents (sometimes), our guardians, masters, landlords, patrons, &c. *dogged*, and *dogmatical*?—A poor horse can go but a *dog-trot*; a poor man is contented with *dog's-meat*; and a poor poet writes *doggerel*.—When a gentleman either indiscreetly or ineffectually bestows his money or his advice upon others, we observe with much propriety, he has given it to the *dogs*; and when he fashionably consumes his substance upon women, wine, horses, dice, and cards, we remark with equal propriety, that he is gone to the *dogs* himself.—The vigilance of assiduity, and the slavishness of dependence are aptly expressed by a monosyllable of *canine* extraction. Thus the parasite *dogs* my lord, the bailiff the debtor, and

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the lover his mistress.——Then again—how many points of diversion, and sometimes of importance, have been gained by persons seemingly inattentive either to their interest or pleasure, who have been sleeping *dog's* sleep?—But it is needless to multiply such observations as these upon this subject; which would only make them *dog-cheap*, as well as myself and reader *dog-weary*.

One practical page is worth a folio of dry speculation; and therefore let us consider whether some real use may not be made of the argument before us.—Now I aver there is scarce a single, *i. e.* an individual man, whether good or bad, in the kingdoms of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, (not forgetting the town of *Berwick upon Tweed*) but might be much more effectually distinguish'd and characterised by a *dog-name* (were things regulated upon a proper model) than he can possibly be by his *surname*, or by that by which he was *christened*. For which purpose

pose I shall beg leave, for some method's sake, to range the world, I mean our part of it, under certain divisions or classes, that the reader may thereby see with what readiness and propriety we may assign their respective *canine* denominations.— For instance.—

All upright ministers, honest statesmen, and true patriots, who have the honour of their king, and the prosperity of their country at heart, may deservedly be ranked under the worthy appellation of *mastiffs* or *bandogs*.

☛ This *breed* is very scarce in *England*.

All venal *pl-c-m-n*, corrupt *p-nf-n-rs*, and mercenary officers in general, are neither more nor less than *mongrel-dogs*.

Seekers of promotion, hangers-on upon lords, chaplains to noblemen, and younger brothers to country esquires, are all, to a man almost, of the *spaniel* kind.

Your dancing-masters, and dancing-gentlemen, and all whose genius lies rather

ther in their *beels* than their *beads* are *grey-bounds*; a knot of criticks at a new play are a *pack* of *bounds* in *full cry*; lawyers and catchpoles with their several associates and dependants are *blood-bounds*; and reprobates and debauchees are *bell-bounds*.

Procurers and agents of almost all sorts rank in the class of *pointers* and *setting-dogs*.

The soldiers and sailors of *Great-Britain* are *bull-dogs*.

Quiet husbands, who are fit for, and put to any occasional domestic employment or drudgery, may always figuratively be said to be, what they sometimes literally are, viz. *turn-spit dogs*.

All women's men, fops, and *inamoratos* are *lap-dogs*.

Executioners, who remove rascals and rogues out of the way, may be properly stiled from their occupation, though not *dogs* themselves, yet *bang-dogs*.

Authors are various in their species, (and so far are like *dogs*) to such extent that

that it is impossible to affix their *dog-denomination*;—however as they are generally *used like dogs*, it is presumed no man of sense and candor will envy them this exemption. Lastly,

The *Reviewers* are *cur-dogs*, and every coxcomb's a *puppy*.

I will not needlessly detain the judicious reader with enumerating the many obvious uses and conveniencies of such an arrangement as this; but will only add, that among many considerable advantages this would not be the smallest—that hereby the use of sundry names and appellations, of which some are ridiculous, and others are at least equally odious, and at the same time of not one half the significance and pertinency as these *dog-names*, would for the future be happily superseded---such as *sc--nd--l*, *v--ll--n*, *son of a wh-re*, *son of a gun*, and *son of a tin-tan-tinderbox*. Upon the whole, it appears that we cannot *call names* with any tolerable propriety and discretion but

by some such method as that offered in this dissertation ; and by consequence, it will follow that, whatever he may be besides, *every mother's son among us is a son of a b-tch.* Q. E. D.

P. S. How a man and his wife came to be called *dog and cat*, I may probably take occasion in some future essay to enquire.

CH A P. XXIV. The Author appears again.

NEAR the end of our journey, of which you shan't have the particulars as you expected, we chopp'd upon a young spark at the corner of a little village we were passing through, who seemed to have been born to better fortune than he then possessed. He had a certain wild gaiety in his look, or rather the ruins of it, for 'twas clogg'd and broken with after-misfortunes. He had
often-

oftentimes it seems in his younger years, and that not long ago (for he could scarce be above twenty-five) transmuted a house into a hoghead, and many a flock of sheep and drove of fat oxen into flasks of wine, and bottles of claret, 'till all being gone, he was at last reduced to such extremity as to live on the frozen charity of those who had known him in his better fortune.—

Do you know that person, quoth one of the company to me? No, answered I, how should I, ne'er having seen him before?—Why, says he again, 'tis the prodigal son of Mr. —, of —, who, as young as he is, has already spent five hundred a year in drink:—which was not spoken so low but the forlorn pilgrim overheard him, and turning back, briskly replied, Yes, that have I, Sir, and am *adry still*.—Which unexpected sharp repartee so pleased us, that we took him into a kind of a crab-tavern, and giving him share in half a

dozen bottles of claret, left him as great as a king. When we parted, he bade me good speed ; and need enough I had on't who am to travel all the world over, before I rest my weary carcase.

Well, at last we came to *Graffbam* and my father's house, whose blessing I asked upon my bended knees, with humility enough to put pride out of countenance ; for I can stoop, you must know, when duty or good manners require it, though I am as stiff as a stake, and my hams are as obdurate as a *Spaniard's*, when I meet with a proud fellow, whom I am under no *obligation* to flatter or honour. I did as much to my new mother, and almost half a hundred grandfathers, and great grandmothers ; saluting likewise in the most complaisant, and yet ample manner, all those, not a few, well-beloveds, who were met to congratulate my arrival.——But what's all this to you, perhaps you may ask me?—Ay, but 'tis a great deal to me,
and

and a very considerable part of my life ; for, as you'll find, the plot thickens apace, and the hinge of all my future fortune is just upon turning :—for now my father himself taking me to task, and instructing me with a mildness and gravity peculiar to our family, both in the language and arts, had, if possible, made me a scholar : for such he all along designed to make me, hoping as much from my blooming presages, as from all my learned predecessors, who had been scholars for aught I know ever since *Adam* : I am sure much longer than I can remember.

He found me soon, if, without a solecism, in modesty I may say it of myself, as extremely industrious, so not altogether indocile. For being intirely submissive to his inclinations, I resolved, had he pleased, to have been a scholar in spite of nature ; and accordingly advance I did, but at a very uncomfortable rate, much as fast as a cart with half a wheel
broke

broke off. For the truth is, the sprightliness and vigour of my soul, being, by the severity of my former masters, either damm'd up, and quite extinguished, or else turn'd another way from learning, towards some more rambling entertainment, it could not be expected I should do any great wonders. He try'd me at all the arts and sciences, giving me a little smack of each, to see whether that would make me more in love with learning; but alas! all was in vain. I only could beat enough of 'em into my head to laugh or rail at 'em a little; which way you'll find by and by I shall exercise (either my memory or) my invention.

My father at last finding all his drudgery and mine to be labour lost, and being rather willing to make a *golden* tradesman than a *wooden* parson of me, agreed to my longing desires, and gave the long-expected word, that I should be an *apprentice*. But not a little

nasty

nasty country apprentice, in some dingy hole of a town not half so big as *Little-Britain*, or *Cock-Lane*.

[Here the editor must put in a word or two.]

I cannot bear to hear a place mentioned in this contemptuous manner, which, however obscure in our author's days, hath lately made so much noise in the world. I am, therefore, resolved to write a chapter upon this occasion, and, in the course of things, it must be

C H A P. XXV.

Concerning the ghost in Cock-Lane.

THE devil is a fool.—(You must know, I take it for granted that the devil only, or his agents, are at the bottom of *Miss Parsons's* affair.) Old *Scratch*, as he may now be called more properly

properly than ever, has been but a bungler throughout this business.—Was a man to ask, as a simple country fellow, I am told, did, what sort of a *body* a *ghost* is?—it might be difficult to give him a satisfactory resolution to his question from the accounts we have had of the disturbances in *Cock-Lane*. However, that this is all but a *new farce*, called *Ghost and no Ghost*, seems as evident as that *Duke and no Duke* was ever acted at *Dru-ry-Lane*.—Would any *demon* of a moderate capacity set his wit against a poor child? Odso---perhaps this infernal mischief-maker is the identical *half-devil*, of famous memory, which the learned Dr. S— speaks of in his discourse on the *demoniacks*.---But I do but just start this hint to be prosecuted and improved by proper *casuists*.---Be that as it will, it is clear beyond dispute that the *devil* in question is no *conjuror*. He may say, like *Davus* in the comedy, *Dæmon sum, non Oedipus*. Indeed, his faculty of ly-
ing

ing excepted, he does not *appear* to have any thing *truly* diabolical about him. He is not always able to give an answer to a *plain fair* question. What a figure would this *devil* make, was he to be examined, and re-examined, and cross-examined in *Westminster-hall*.—Hold.—

I beg leave to put in a *caveat* here against the misapprehension of the *christian* reader, whom I beg to believe me **REALLY SERIOUS** in the sentence immediately following, whatever sentiments he may entertain of *any other* passage in these books.----I am perfectly assured, upon *scriptural* and *rational* evidence too, of the existence of spirits and unbodied intelligences, who have been commissioned by the **SUPREME BEING** to appear to men for *important* purposes, and upon *extraordinary* occasions; and that the *ghosts* or *spirits* of departed persons *have* likewise, by divine permission, and for *such* purposes appeared, and consequently *may*
appear,

appear, is an article of my belief.---In short, the *Glaroillians*, or *Anti-sadduceans* (if we may so call them) are, I am persuaded, a *well-meaning* and *good* sort of people, who *intend* the service of *truth* and *religion* as well in matters which they are *willing* to believe, as in what they are *industrious* to report; but yet they should well consider that they are laying themselves open to a subtle adversary, and that *scepticism* ever did, and ever will take all possible advantages of *credulity*.

And having declared this, I shall as freely declare my utter disbelief of every idle story, the *roguery*, or *absurdity* of which confutes *itself*. To say truth, such I apprehend, the story of the *ghost* in *Cock-lane* to be, altho' the *particulars* of the *impassure* are at this *present writing* undiscovered.---I cannot conceal here from the reader the pleasure it gave me to be told *Miss Parsons* was removed to the *court-end* of the town;---every thing, thought

thought I, will be quiet, now the young lady is gone into a quarter where the *devil has no business*.

But to enlarge a little more upon this subject in general.---I say again I shall never believe the *devil* and his *agents* to be such *complaisant* beings as to go upon every *fool's* errand; or, if they did, to be such *weak* and *filly* ones as to execute their commissions in so *slovenly* and *unmasterly* a manner.---If you will turn to *Gl-nville* you will find these *infernal* gentry for the most part employed in such *ridiculous* acts of outrage and mischief, as a tall schoolboy would be ashamed of; in throwing brickbats down chimnies, knocking innocent pewter off shelves, *breaking the legs and arms* of old chairs and tables, and almost literally *throwing the house out at window*. Then you will meet with accounts of *spirits* and *witches* riding most furiously through the air (for, you know, *they must needs go whom the devil drives*) upon mopsticks

sticks and cowl-staves.—*Sir, I don't remember any thing about mop-sticks in all the book.*—Well—let it be *broom-sticks* then, and there's an end of the matter.

—I recollect now ;---a *broom* is *Satan's* usual conveyance, or *wooden conveniency*.

—But, pray, can any soul alive tell what these volatile itinerants should have to do in the *upper regions* except it be to visit the *castles* which certain *imaginants* have built there?

How far the *Cock-Lane* adventure, and some few others may save or retrieve the *devil's* credit, I will not pretend to say ; else it might be farther observed, that most accounts we have of his *secret history* prove him to be not only a *fool*, but a downright *coward* into the bargain. That he or his emissaries should always come *sneakingly* by *night*, is not greatly for their reputation ; and much less so is their taking possession of *old houses* upon, and not *before*, their being quitted by their owners or occupiers.---But perhaps this may be
said

said to be but a strain of policy ; since no one can doubt but the *devil* is *lawyer* enough to know that, in such a case, he cannot be *legally* dispossessed but by a *writ of ejectment*.—These points I must be content to leave undetermined ; and therefore, I shall only add, with respect to the *ghost* in *Cock-Lane*, that as the said *ghost* has been the parent of numbers of *apparitions* and *spectres* throughout the kingdom, (for one *ghost*, like one *fool*, makes *many*) inasmuch that I am informed there is now scarce a market-town without one, I could heartily wish, for the sake of public peace and quietness, to see *him* or *her* fairly and effectually *laid*.—And with this wish I shall put an end to this very *spirited* chapter.

N. B. I purpose publishing soon a treatise on *Demonocracy*.

C H A P. XXVI.

The author resumes his narrative.

TO have sent me into a little country town, would have been the ready way to have sent my great soul a rambling out of my little body; and that *never to return, never to return*—but before——cry mercy, I was stumbled in—to the purlieus of an old song, and could not find the way out again.

'Twas not, I say, in some narrow mean country town, but in the famous and gallant city of LONDON, where my father designed to plant the hopes of his family; nor there in any of those dark holes before mentioned, but even in the very front, the cream, the heart, the choicest, pick'd, and cull'd part of the city, *Cheapside*; nor there meant he to put me to a little, sneaking, what d'ye lack trade, but to a glorious, handsome, profitable

profitable —— hold there—while 'tis in 'tis my own—you shall even pick it out yourself if you'll have it. When things were once brought to this pass, guess you whether I knew what to do with myself for joy—alas! I forgot to eat, spit, pick my ears, blow my nose, or wash my face, for almost a fortnight after. I tell you I did not know where I was no more than a goose, nor whether I stood upon land or water.

C H A P. XXVII.

YOU can't imagine what strange notions the poor country folk have of this glorious fine town of *London*. They think the streets are all pav'd with gold, the houses made of *Porphyrian* marble, and *Corinthian* brass, the churches of silver, and that it rains maccooons, and hails march-panes, and that pearls and diamonds grow there (for they have heard of *seed-pearl*, and

what for, if not to *sow* it?) as plentifully as cresses and blue-bottles in the fields and meadows. A country bumkin is a cockney *standing upon his head*—just such a callow thing in the city as t'other is in the country; and if cit asks to see 'em spin malt, bumkin will be as ready to enquire where they gather the gold necklaces. They have a strange notion too of the sagacity and memory of the good people who live there; sure, think they, if such *litterate vellows* as *Hob* and I know all our parish, and the next hamlet too into the bargain, much more must all the *vine volk* there know one another. So that he who was so book-learned as to direct a letter to his loving brother *T. W.* living in *London*, did not in the least doubt but he would have it by the next post, and much wondered he had no answer.

But to observe what work they make when they come to see it themselves.—One wise-one indeed I have heard of,
who

who had a great longing that way, but durst not go to *London* for fear of losing his labour; for he went to zee the city, that he did, but knowing none of the porters, he was afraid they'd not let him in, and so came back again like what he went.—But if they have courage enough to venture there, not an alderman walks the streets with half so much delay and gravity. They think at first half the streets are made of churches; but then are scandalised to see so many *ale-houses*, and yet the volk in the inside of them *Jacks of all trades*. They give every house and sign a full quarter of an hour's contemplation; and if they clear one street in a day, they make a good day's work on't. And sometimes they get into a scrape, which they remember longer than they do the height of the *Monument*, or the number of guns in the *Tower*.

This was the case of a couple of wise *Gotbamites* in our town, (for some wise,

and some fools all the world over) who, having occasion to purchase two groats-worth of law, came one term to *London*, and having dispatch'd that important affair, resolved to spend one day in surveying the rarities, and brave sights that were to be seen here; upon which, having laid out several two-pences to their great satisfaction, their evil genius at last led them by the *Poultry-Counter*; and a dreadful place it is as any out of hell, —not that I dread it. No, no,—true hearts know no fear; and 'tis well known I bear'd it every day with undaunted countenance, when my *business* called me that way; but dreadful, I say, it is to them who fall into the hands of the *barpies* there: as these poor rustics found. For observing that bunch of catch-poles at the counter-gate which usually wait there to see if the *devil*, or his friends, the *usurers*, have any employment for them, they very innocently enquire, what was there to be seen? to
which

which one of these notorious honest fellows replied, *the lions*.

The *lions*, quoth *Robin*! why we han't zeen 'em yet, neighbour *Jarvis*! Ay the *lions*, cry'd another of those wolves; but you can't get at 'em, for they been't to be seen at this time of day. Now this made the poor creatures more eager to get at them; they had money enough; what cared they if they spent six-pence upon such a sight: and so, with seeming much ado, at last they let 'em in; but no sooner were they there, but they saw and felt beasts of prey enough with a vengeance all round 'em; almost half a hundred *Tatterdemalions* ransacking 'em for garnish; nor can they imagine what they would be at, 'till one of them on a sudden felt his hat vanished away, and putting up his hand to see whether they had not stolen his head and all, before he could receive satisfaction in that point, found his coat taking everlasting leave of his shoulders. The o-

ther compounding for his carcase, as he thought, freely surrendered his upper garment; and so with loud acclamations from all the wild *Arabs* of the place they march'd away in *querpo*, blessing themselves for so fair a riddance out of the *lions' den*.—And so will they always fare who know not what travelling is, and are strangers to the wide world. Would *Wagstaff*; think you, have had so little wit? No, diamonds cut diamonds; trust him with all the serjeants that *Quevedo* ever saw, and I warrant he comes off clear from them all; (if he may so say of himself without blushing) and that you'll see when he gets to this dreadful City; but first let him come there; and he's now on the road with a whole cart-load of acquaintance and relations.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXVIII.

In which is related a comical incident which detained the author and his friends, when upon their journey.

AS soon as we came into the little snug-town of —, we were stunn'd with the not-musical noise of a broken trumpet; and coming up to a public house which was hung all round with painted canvass, stuck with figures, that looked as grimly as ever you saw old tapestry, heard a lanthorn-jaw'd fellow crying, with a voice as crack'd as his instrument, ——Now's your time, good gentlemen; now's your time;—step in and see——

The noble Puppet-shew, or wooden Machinery, which has been shewn to the emperor of Asia, and all the other princes of Europe.

Here

Here you may see the destruction of the *Egyptians* in the river *Jordan*, with the death of King *Pharaoh*; all done to the life.

Here you may see the battle of the giant *Goliath* and King *David* in the time of the *Holy Wars*.—*Goliath* is higher by two foot than any wooden giant that has been ever seen in *England*.

Here you may see the last dying speech of *Haman*, who was hanged on a gallows forty cubits high in the reign of Queen *Esther*.

Here you have a representation of the storm that Captain *Drake* beat the *Spanish Armada* with in the time of the famous Queen *Elisabeth*;—the maiden queen of *England*.

Here may you see all the kings of *Europe* coming upon their bended knees to pay obeisance to the king of *England*.

With the pleasant humours of *Punch* and his wife *Joan*.—G-d bless King *William* and *Mary*. So

So we e'en clubb'd our three-pence, and went in to see the *Shew*; and if you will step in yourself, when you come next this way, there can be no occasion for me to give you an account of it.—One thing however was worth remembering, which was a kind of droll dialogue at the latter end of the *play*, between *Punchinello* and the *Fidler*, when a parcel of large figures of wood, or wax, 'tis no matter which, were placed in a row against the back scene, in full view of the company.

Punch. Fidler! who the plague are all these fine folks, hey?

Fidler. Be quiet, boy!—These are some of the chief *states and potatates* of *Europe*.

Punch. *Steaks and potatoes* of *Europe*, are they?—And pray, what grave son of a cucumber is this?

Fidler. That's the king of *Spain*, my lad.

Punch. He looks as solemn as a dust-basket.

basket. What, is he got into a scrape, fidler? Has he affronted the king of *England*?—A silly dog!—And, pray, what fine tiffany gentleman is this?

Fidler. That's the king of *France*, boy.

Punch. The king of *France*! What a confounded *sore nose* he has got;—han't he, fidler?—

Fidler. *Sore nose*, *Punch*! How so?

Punch. Why he looks as if he had been *led by it* these twenty years.—Well, and who's this?

Fidler. That's the emperor of *Russia*, and king of the *bears*.

Punch. Bid him *muzzle* his *bears*, fidler; and the fellow will do well enough. And, pray, who is this flimsy gentleman?

Fidler. The queen of *Hungary*, boy. How dost like her?

Punch. A plague on her for a squinting toad, she looks nine ways at once.—But prithee, fidler, tell me who is this tawdry *old lady*?

Fidler,

Fidler. Old lady, you blockhead !
Why, that's the *pope* !

Punch. The devil 'tis !—I thought
by his high-crown'd hat and fringed pet-
ticoat 'twas an *old woman*.—*Fidler* ! I'll
give thee a mug of beer, if thou'll't do
one thing for me.

Fidler. What's that, boy ?

Punch. Why, strike up *Britons strike
home*, and make them all dance to the
devil !

This made us more mirth than all the
rest ; so, as we were coming away one
of the company cries out—Well said,
Punch, by my troth thou hast wit enough
for an *alderman* of *London*.

C H A P. XXIX.

An intermediate, rhapsodical chapter, which the author, I mean the editor, (it was only a slip of my memory) begins as well as you can wish him.

WHEN I seriously consider the number, situations, and revolutions of the heavenly bodies, and their amazing influence upon the material, vegetable, and animal world;—the wonderful union of soul and body in the nature of man;—the extent of the powers and faculties, and the principles of operation in the former;—the various modifications of the latter thro' its several states of formation, growth, and corruption;—the many qualities and properties of air, water, earth, &c.;—the ground or ratio of instinct or sensation in brutes;—or lastly, the immensity of space, the progress of numbers, and the
succession

succession of time ;—I am unavoidably led to conclude—this chapter, not being hardy enough to undertake such an intricate complication of argument.

C H A P. XXX.

A kind of rhapsody of the author's !

AS I was now coolly jogging on upon the road, I had leisure to consider the happiness I had, as I thought, then obtained by being freed from my *step-mother* learning ; and thus might I, or did I, (for aught you know, Mr. *Critick*, who will be meddling) reflect on the several parts of it, as I was taking my final leave of them all.

Farewell, *grammar*, thou bug-bear to tender striplings and dull youths—full often hast thou steered my sorrowful posteriors to a birchen wood, and made the but-end of my person weep carnation tears ; nay, made the poor pedant wear
out

out himself as well as me, in running through thorns and briars after some fugitive rugged word or other, that would not be hoop'd into any of his common rules.

O happy golden age ! sure there grew no birch in it, or else the cursed use of it was not then found out any more than that of steel. Happy age ! when learning was nothing but common sense, and all mankind spoke the same mother tongue, and aim'd at no higher a pitch of oratory than to be understood ; all the world being then one continent in language.

Then, *grammar*, get thee about thy business, who hast kept me longer now, as well as formerly, than all the rest did, or are like to do.

Logick, come thou next, and though you was hardly ever in, I'll quickly kick you out of doors ; thou intellectual jangler, thou learned cant ; thou meer banter in mood and figure, by
which

which a Man may affirm or deny any thing; prove two eggs three, and that the moon's made of green cheese. Thou hungry, beggarly, lean-jaw'd thing, as poor as *poetry*. Thou somewhat like reason, but not the same, no more than a monkey is a man; go get the gone among thy own thorns, and prick thine eyes out.

Farewell, *rhetoric*; for thou art only sauce to no meat—the art of lying well:—thou that dress'st up plain sense in bells and fools-caps, and makest it nonsense, and ~~that~~ in top-knots and fine cloaths, and makest fools believe 'tis sense. Get thee about thy business to the beggars in *Moor-Fields*, teach them elocution, and all thy fine tropes and figures, and howl out together with 'em, *Dearly beloved people of ——— 'tis a sad thing to be blind.*

But pray stay, and take your sister *poetry* with you: if I come to be mad or

in love, I may have occasion for you both again, and perhaps may give you a meal's meat, or a night's lodging for your company.

— *Poetry*, thou *ba, ba, ba*, of the world! Efflorescence of wit do they call thee? Yes, just as much as the froth of bottled ale is the best of it. O thou beggar incarnate, as bare breeched as poor *Christopher* shall be, when he shall ramble out of this world into his grave.

— *Physics* too! Go drown yourself in your own *vacuum*, or build castles in the air; and take *metaphysics* along with you, a witch-catching, or winnowing entity from *unum, verum, & bonum*.

— Go troop all together; I'm for taking my leave, and a fair riddance 'tis of you all at once; and intend to have no more to do with you, any farther than now and then taking you in a lump without opening the book, or reading one syllable more about you.

— But

— But there's more yet to come,
and I'm resolv'd once for all to make
clear work.

Farewell, *astrology*; for once and
again I tell thee, honest *Wagstaff* was
ne'er cut out for a *conjurer*.

Farewell, *geometry*; for I can ramble
round the world without thy help, and
scorn to measure how many miles,
perches, feet, inches, and barley-corns
I run over;—or to number them either,
and therefore well thought;—

Troop off, *arithmetic* for company;
for he's an arrant fool that can't tell
twenty; and what canst thou do more?
Nay, ten is thy utmost limit; and even
then thou art forc'd to vamp up one
with a nought; and all the rest of thy
fruitless pains with so much more cost
than worship, is only telling them nine
figures over and over again, 'till thou
hast lost thyself, and so can't never get
to the end of thy journey.

Chiromancy! by the bye, shall I *shake hands* with thee too? No, thou art such a strolling gypsy, thou art only fit to be whipp'd, or set in the cage for a great cheat as thou art.

In short, when *mathematics* can tell me *how* matter is infinite divisible, or how tall the man in the moon is by the help of *optics*,—then I'll keep that, tho' all the rest must trudge; but since it never can, let that turn out too, and break its neck, or drown itself over its own *pont asinorum*.

What a fool am I after all to rail at what I do not understand! As a little philosophy makes a man an atheist, as a certain great man observed, but a great deal of it a religious person, so a small smattering of learning makes one despise it, but a perfect acquaintance with it raises our esteem and reverence for it.

Forgive me, O thou thing almost divine, that I have blasphemed thee, without

out knowing thee ; and, if possible, let that either excuse my fault, or alleviate my punishment : never was a wretch who lost and left thee, as I have done, but repented dearly of it, as soon as he came to know the crime he had committed. I believe thou art one of the joys of heaven itself, and a great part of that happiness we lost by our own folly. I inflict the most severe voluntary penance on myself for having thus abused thee. I'm content all my life long, to bear the wretched fate of standing at thy door, and helping others in, while I stay without myself, a helpless, worthless vagrant, and spend my weary days in sighs, and only thinking what I might have been, had I improved by thy auspicious aid, and cultivated all those golden seeds which nature so profusely sprinkled on her *Wagstaff's* breast.

This justice done to heaven-born learning, I now proceed to give you a history

ry of my journey, which these thoughts
so far shortened, that I was now arrived
at the famous metropolis of *England*, I
had almost said the world; for an ac-
count of which you must go with me
to the following volume.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

7 DE 64

